

#52

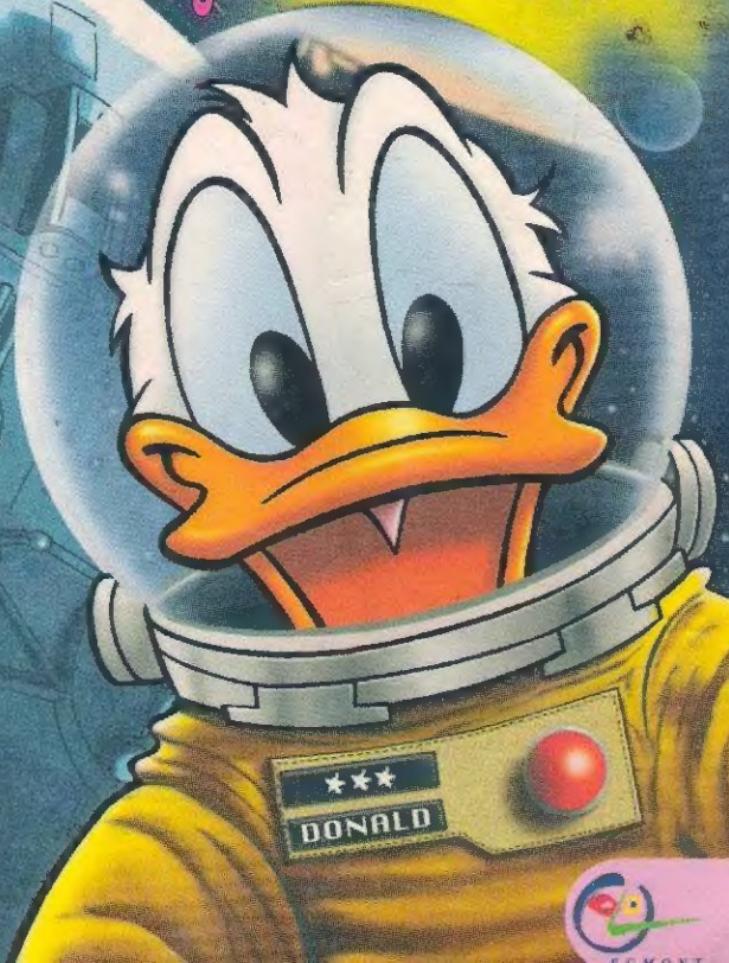
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The Saga Of Donald Ironbeak



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DONALD DUCK

THE SAGA OF DONALD IRONBEAK

Nordinavia twelve hundred years ago:
land of fjords, the midnight sun and
the most fearsome warriors the world
has ever seen — the Vikings!



These merciless fighters sailed forth in their long ships and ravaged and pillaged wherever they struck shore; their name striking fear into every soul within ten thousand leagues of Nordinavia, for it was well known that all Vikings were fearless and invincible —

Well, not quite all. For there existed at the head of a picturesque fjord a modest little village called Snoozehavn, where rather than sail off and pillage the people fished and farmed and made the most delicious open sandwiches. A peaceful, contented little community. Which is where we begin our story —



FRANK

Enter Bogus Bogusson,
chief of the village —

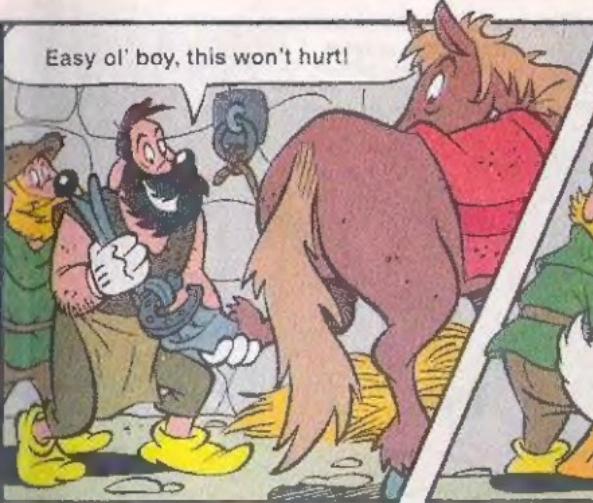
I guess ol' Dobbin needs re-shoeing — he corners like a tank!

Right away chief!

BLACK-SMITH



Easy ol' boy, this won't hurt!

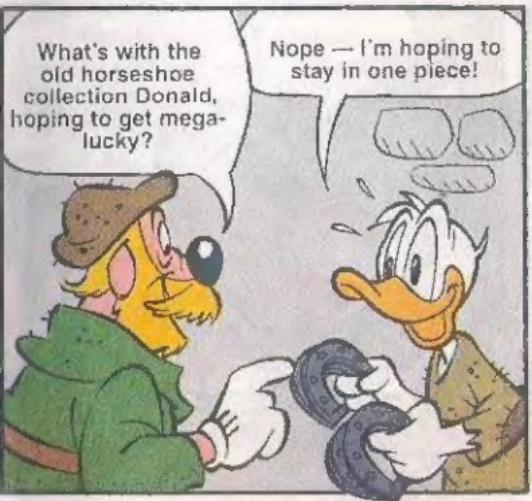


Hot-dog! Just what I need!



What's with the old horseshoe collection Donald, hoping to get mega-lucky?

Nope — I'm hoping to stay in one piece!



I'm making myself some armour — worn horseshoes are best 'cos they're so much lighter!



But we're a non-violent, peace-loving people — why should you need armour?



Ulp! I've a feeling you're just about to find out, chief!

Better get this thing on, pronto!



Donald!

Daishilda, what a wonderful surprise!



How dare you try to sweet-talk me after forgetting our date last night!

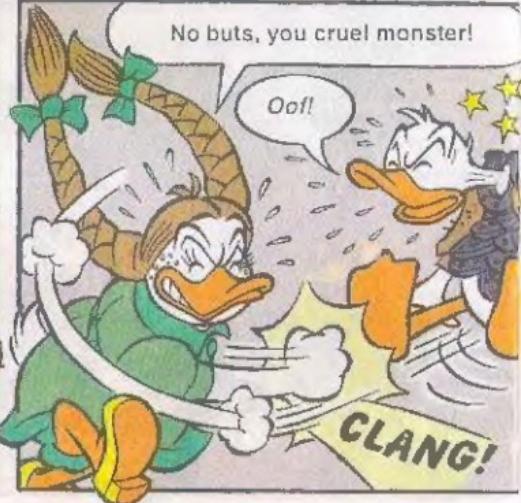
But I...



No buts, you cruel monster!

Oof!

CLANG!



Better remember to take me out tonight...

...or they'll need a can opener to extract you from that silly tin vest!



Seems some of the delicate gender haven't quite got the hang of this non-violence ideal!

Whaddya mean?
I wuz lucky she caught
me on a good day!



All done, chief!

What's that din?

The look-out horn —
we got visitors!

BLARE! BLEET!

Down to the
shore, quickly!

Lead on chief, I'll
cover your rear!

So this is
Snoozehavn... We'll
soon wake 'em up!



All kneel before
Knud the Sick, liege
and master of all the
Vikings!



A tyrant deserves a little respect...!

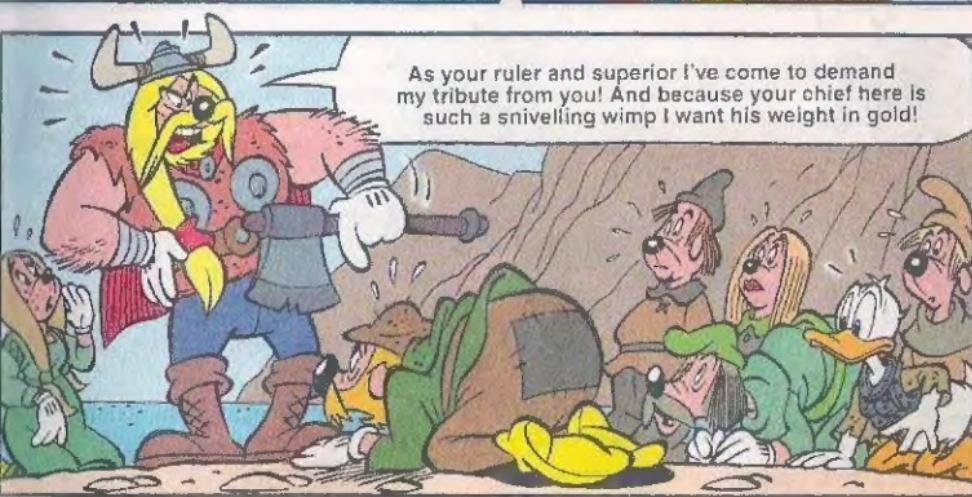


On your knees, dog!

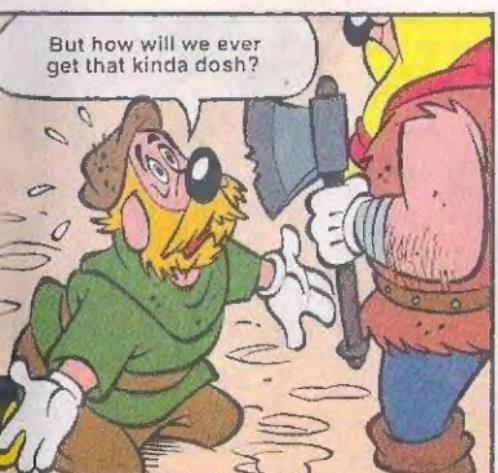
Yes,
master! Pant,
pant!



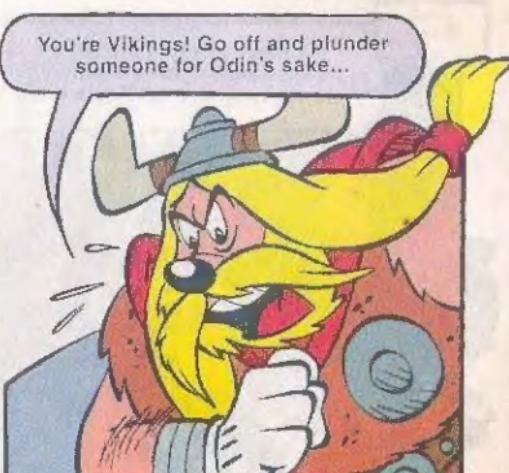
As your ruler and superior I've come to demand
my tribute from you! And because your chief here is
such a snivelling wimp I want his weight in gold!



But how will we ever
get that kinda dosh?



You're Vikings! Go off and plunder
someone for Odin's sake...

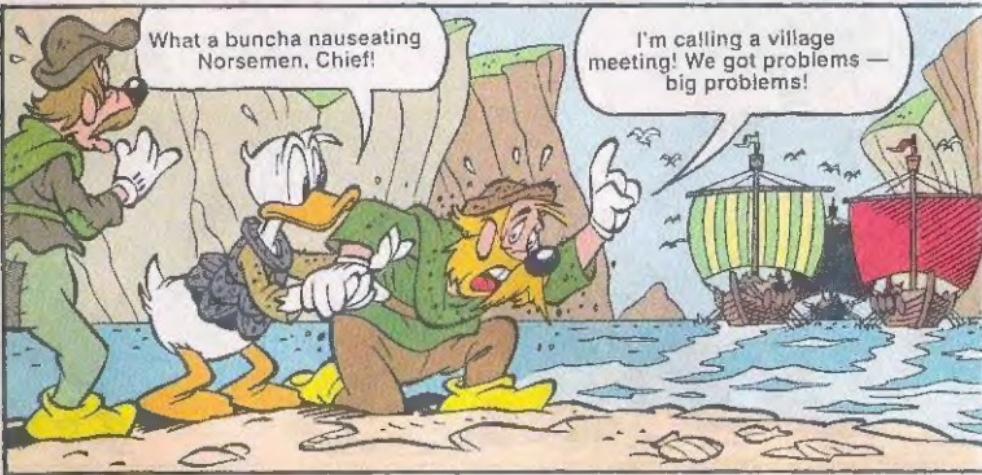


But whatever you do
get a move on — I'll be back
soon for my gold!



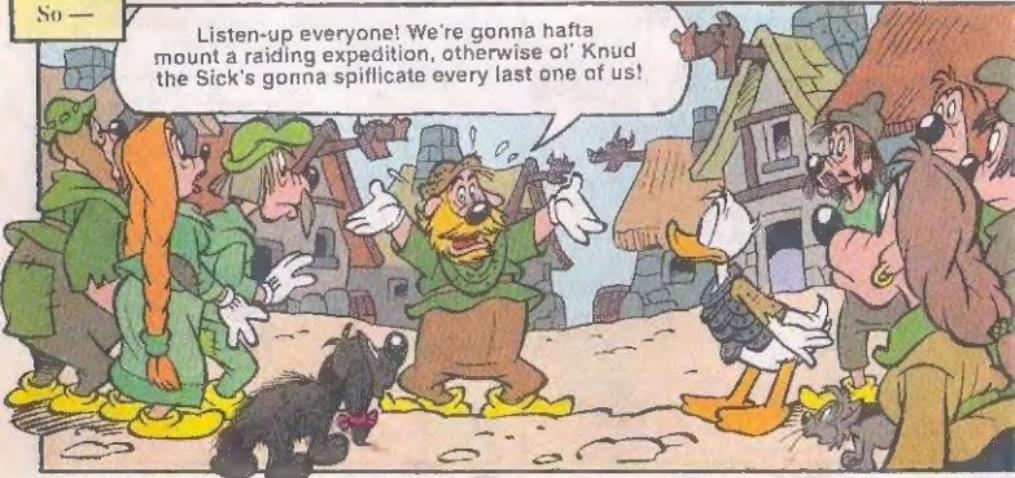
What a buncha nauseating
Norsemen, Chief!

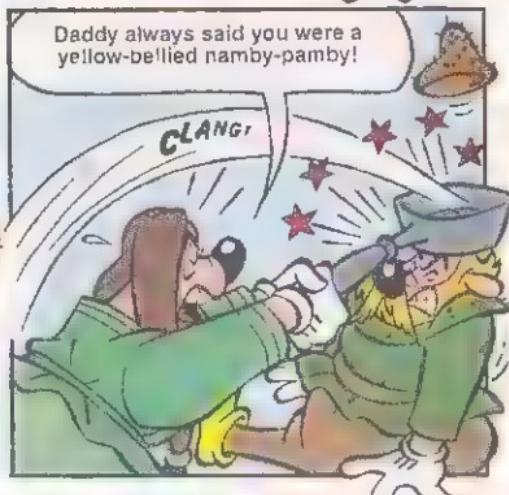
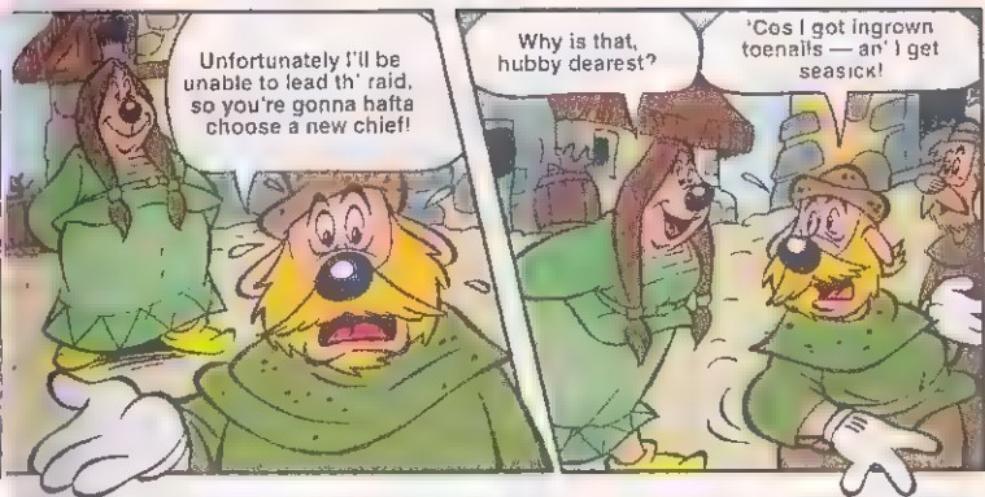
I'm calling a village
meeting! We got problems —
big problems!



So —

Listen-up everyone! We're gonna hafta
mount a raiding expedition, otherwise ol' Knud
the Sick's gonna spiflicate every last one of us!





How do we do that?

It's the gods
themse ves who
choose...

...we all climb the crag overlooking the
fjord and Thor will cast a shaft of light
upon the chosen man!"



Hark! The gods are
deliberating!

RUMBLE!



CRACKLE!

ZAP!



Shee! What an illuminating experience

Thor has pointed his finger. Long live our new chief — Donald Ironbeak!



Hooray for the new chief!

The ways of the gods are indeed mysterious



So I'm the one who gives the orders round here. Far out



What do we do now, chief?

Er... Um... I dunno



Donald! Yoo-hoo!

Wak! Somebody protect me!

You're a success Donald — ooh, I always knew you had a brave heart!

And now you'll be a real V king and spificate
and pillage and ravage and
tickle people 'till they
scream for mercy!

Yeah that's
right

The blacksmith must
forge us mighty weapons
and our finest ship must
be...

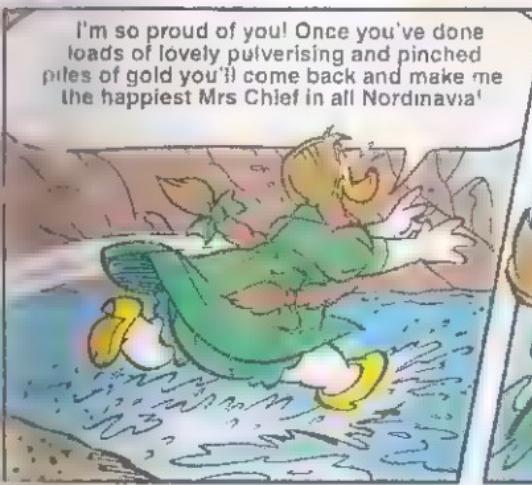
"...made ready
to put to sea!"

We'll I guess it'll do — as long as we don't run into any waves!

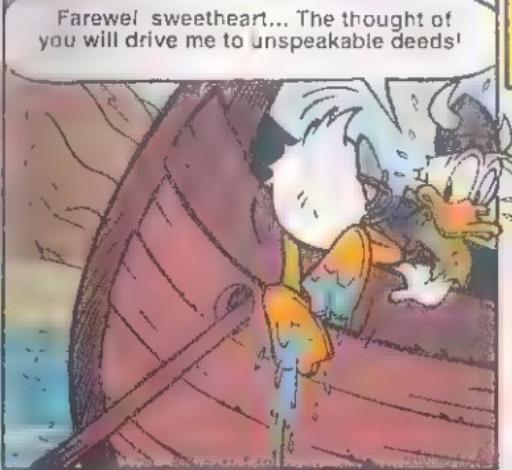
Never fear! I, Donald Ironbeak, will return with undreamt of riches!



I'm so proud of you! Once you've done loads of lovely pulverising and pinched piles of gold you'll come back and make me the happiest Mrs Chief in all Nordinavia!



Farewell sweetheart... The thought of you will drive me to unspeakable deeds!



Thus the great adventure begins —

You're all out of rhythm... Come on, all together, one, two, three, pull!



Eventually —

one, two three, pull!

Far out beat, man!

Dunno — it's a bit repetit'ous...



Don't worry! It won't be long before we see... see...



Land! There's land ahead!



Where d'ya reckon we are?

Ancient Britain, I'll bet anything!



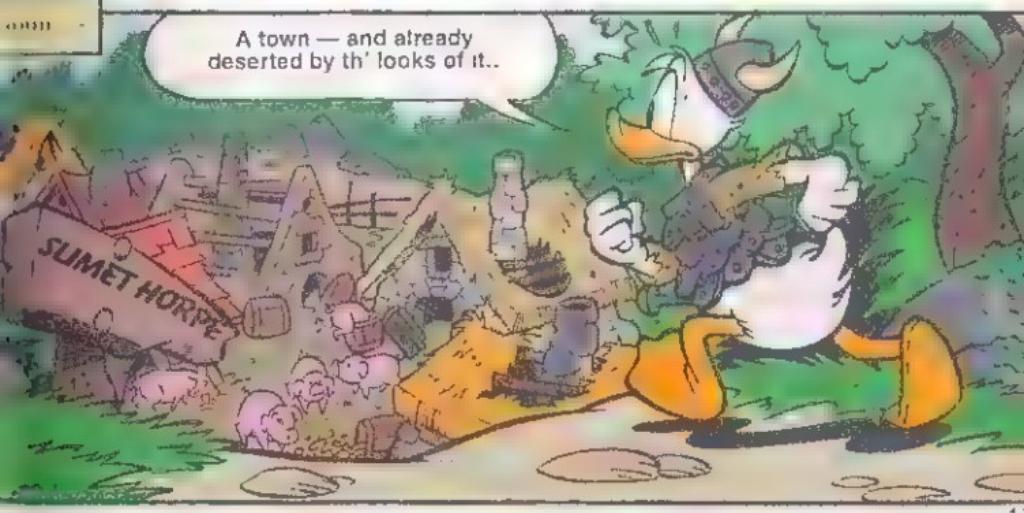
Here's the plan —
we hit a town, ker-
pow everyone and
snitch their gold!

An' what if they
don't wanna be ker-
powed?

We're Vikings! Everyone's scared witless
of us so they'll probably just run away!



A town — and already
deserted by th' looks of it..



Almost deserted,
that is —

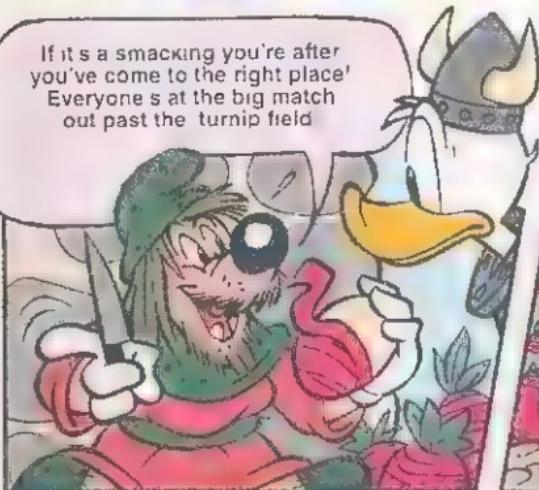
Can I help you guys?



We're Vikings! Hell-bent on
pillage and destruction and giving
everybody a good smacking!



If it's a smacking you're after,
you've come to the right place!
Everyone's at the big match
out past the turnip field



Follow me, guys'



Are you the team
from Dripwick?

From where?



We happen to be fearless Vikings,
come to bash and smash and pillage all
your worldly goods!



As Dripwick haven't turned up why
don't we play this bunch instead?

Not a bad idea!



Here's the deal — we'll play a match
against you. You win and you get to nab
all our worldly goods... We win and we
burn your ship, pull out all your nose hairs
and throw you into the drink!



Yer on'
What are th'
rules?

Each team tries to kick
this fine turnip into the
others' "goal", and the
first to "score" — if
anyone's left alive that
is — is th' winner!



Hokay — let's play turnip!





Wak! This crazy game'll never catch on!

Go chief, go'

Nyahh' Can t catch me!

I scored! What a solo run!

Boo! Hiss!

These foreign teams don't play fair!

C'mon chief, I think we better skip th lap of honour an vamoose!

Pelt 'em lads!

THUD!

THUD!

But you promised us your worldly goods!

BONK!

An' that what you're gettin'!



Cast off fellas! I feel th' call of th' sea!

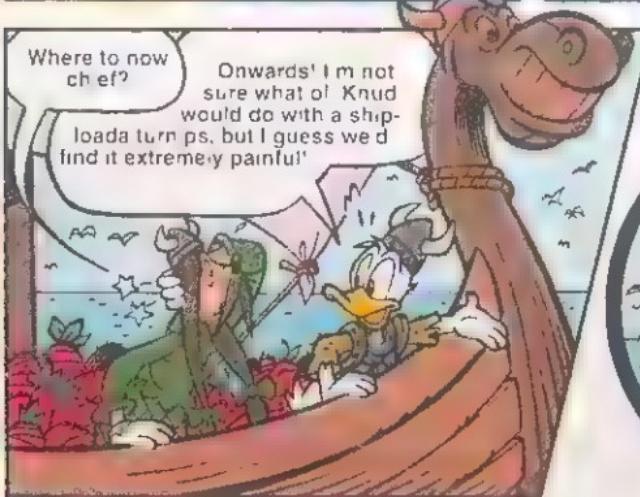


I guess that takes care of provisions for th' time be ng!



Where to now ch ef?

Onwards! I'm not sure what ol' Knud would do with a ship-loada turnips, but I guess we'd find it extremely painful!

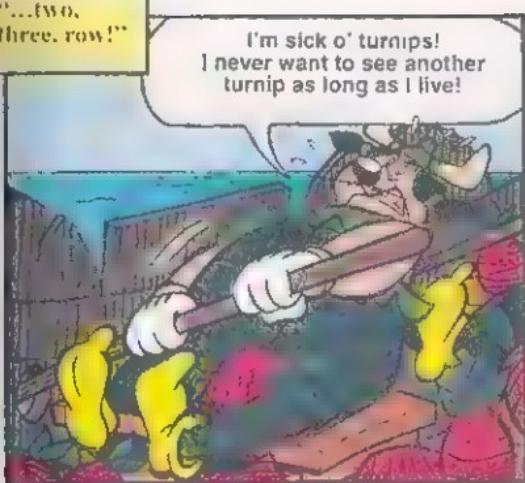


One, two, three row! Dig th' beat fellas, one...



"...two,
three, row!"

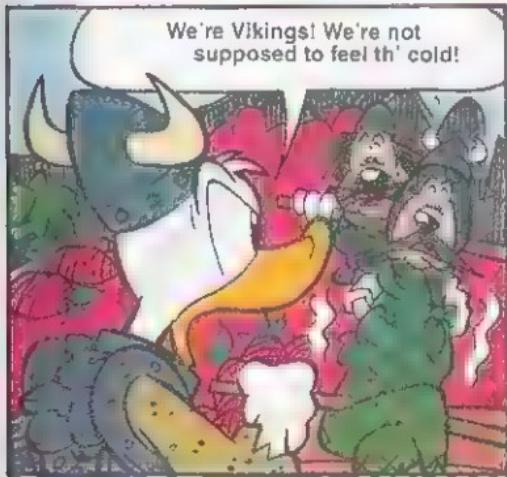
I'm sick o' turnips!
I never want to see another
turnip as long as I live!



An' I'm cold! Just look at all those
big blobby ice thingies in
th' water!



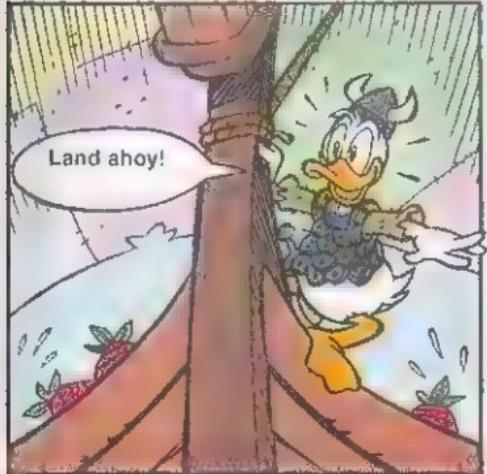
We're Vikings! We're not
supposed to feel th' cold!



We're not supposed to feel fear either,
but I do... and I'm cold... and I'm
hungry — for anything other than
turnips!



Land ahoy!



The sooner we behave like Vikings and
pillage a great stack o' gold the sooner we
can go home!



Strangers?

C'mon, we're not to be



All quake before the
mighty V.kings! C'mon guys!



Wak' Change
of plan folks — a
quick tactical
w thdrawall!

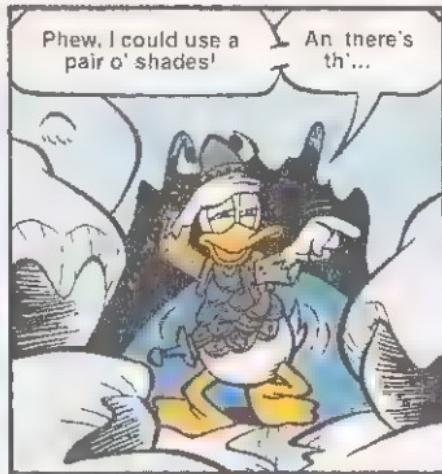


Fillet the fish thieves!

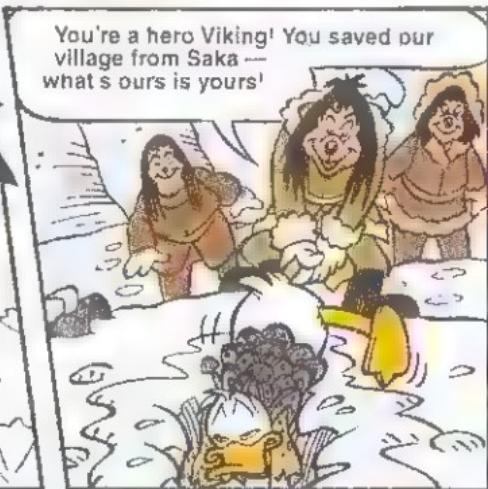
These guys can't know who we are!

Correction — I
reckon they do!









What are we going to pr-a ge next
chief, a sh-p-load o' bananas? I say we
cut our losses an' go home!

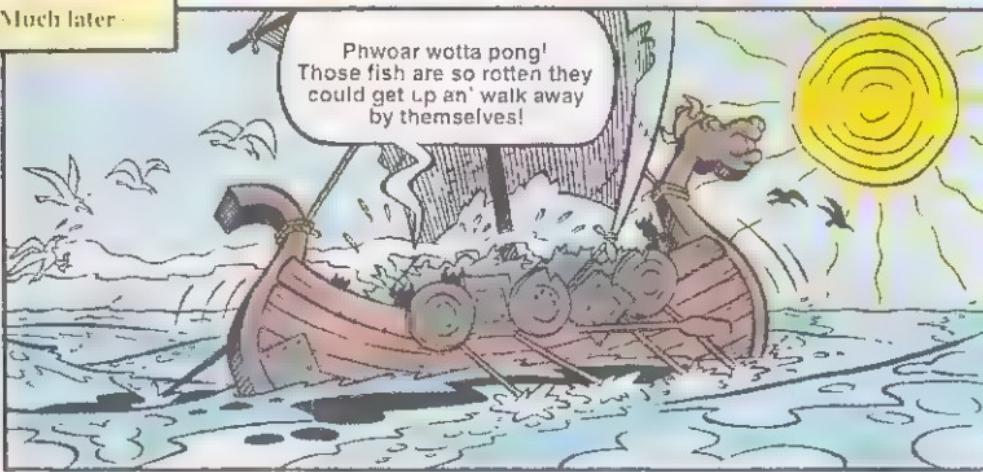
An' I have cut backsides barbecued
cos we forgot the gold? No . . . "Go West
Young Man" as the saying goes!

At least we got a
mess o' fresh fish!



Much later . . .

Phwoar wotta pong!
Those fish are so rotten they
could get up an' walk away
by themselves!



Look, land! Now
we can dump these
festering flounders
overboard

Not yet — we still
don't know if we'll
find fresh food...

We'll pull
into that creek
over there!



What a green and pleasant land —
it's a whole New World!



Who are you?

We're Vikings! The most feared, invincible warriors in the world!

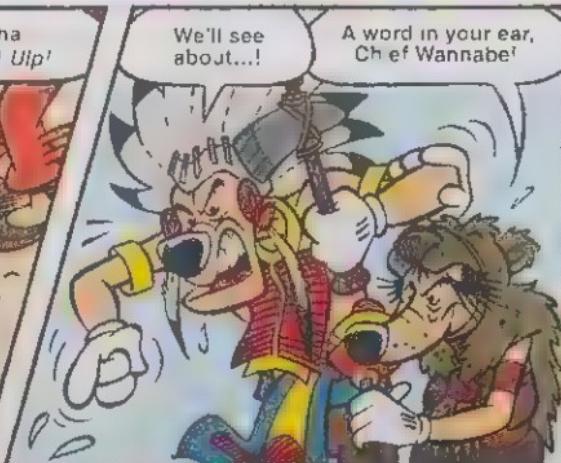
BITE!

And we're the B gtonka tribe, and it so happens we're
the most feared, invincible warriors in the world.

Well, er, we're the meanest buncha
dudes v here we come from anyway! Ulp!

We'll see
about....!

A word in your ear,
Chef Wannabe!



Remember Greatwhoppa's prophecy — that a great force of palefaces would come from the east in vast canoes built from trees...



"...and vanquish us with awful blasts of fire and smoke and cover the land of the redskins with tepees that reach the sky!"



You mean we can't decorate our tepees with these guys' scalps?

Not necessarily...



Maybe we should test these palefaces out — pitch them against our mortal enemies, the Shoeshines, an' if they're really invincible we'll join forces with 'em!



Not a bad idea!

I'd really dig a tepee reaching up to th' sky — penthouse suite naturally'



I'm gonna make you an offer you can't refuse!

Try me!



I'm offering you a golden opportunity to give a buncha slimeballs a real tonking!

Supposing we refuse?

Put it this way — either you give the Shoeshine tribe a good tonking or you get tonked!

You talked us round!

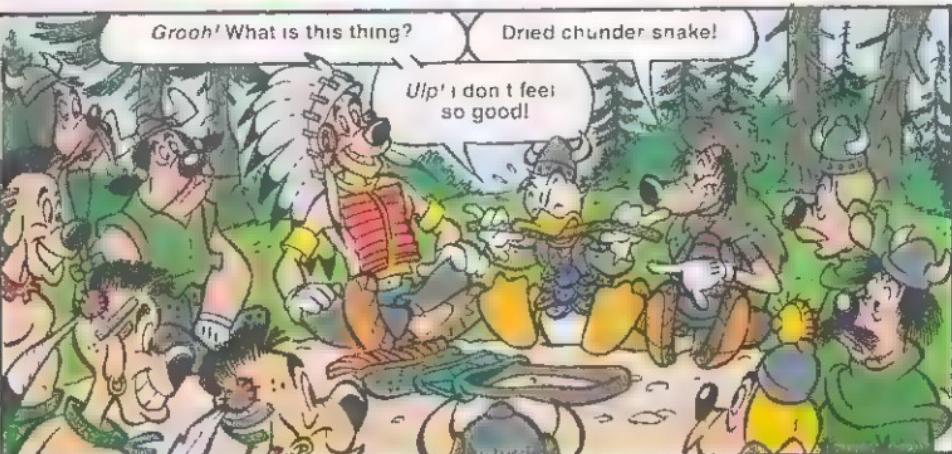
Too much man! Now we share stick of peace!

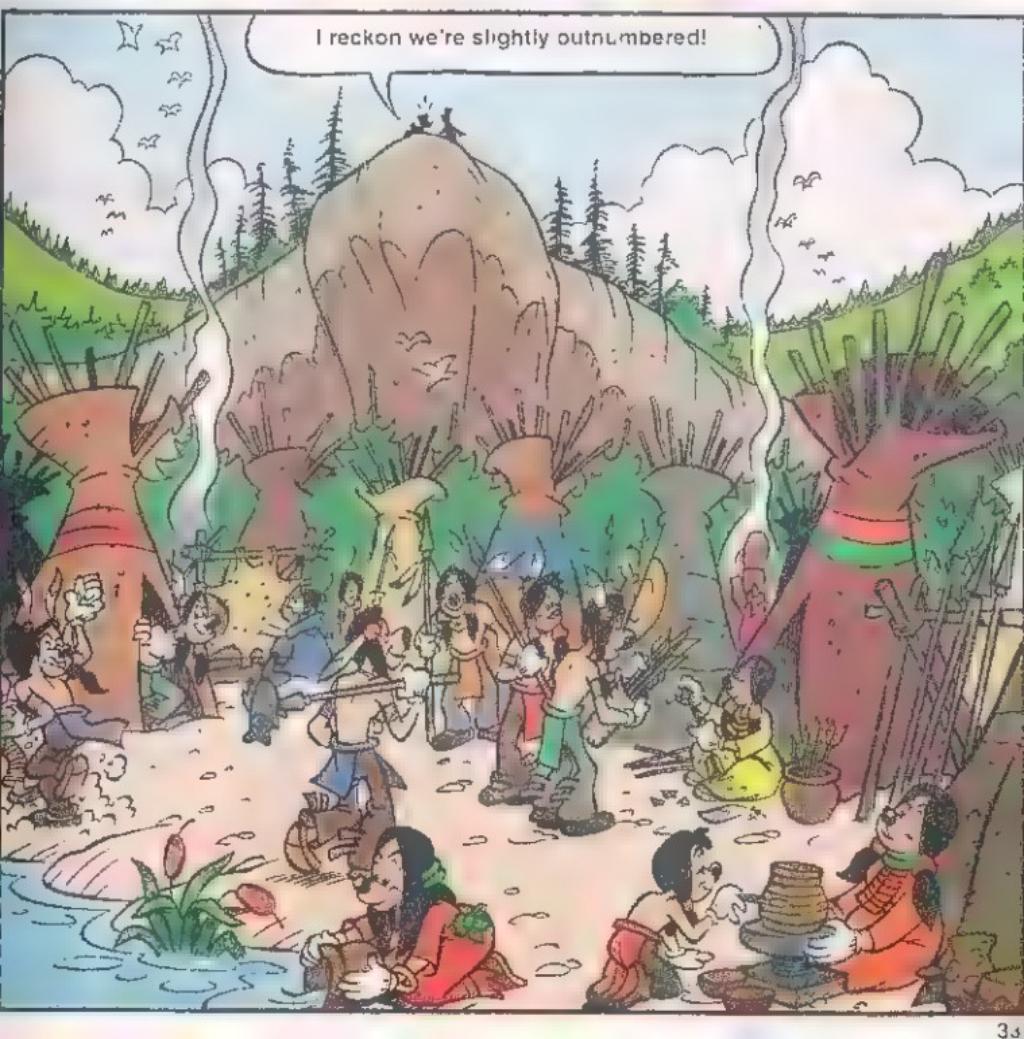
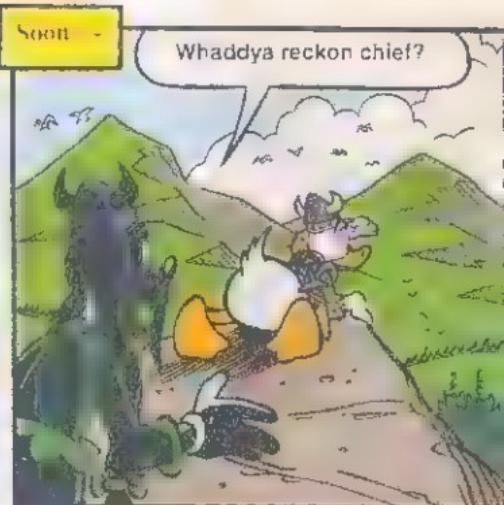
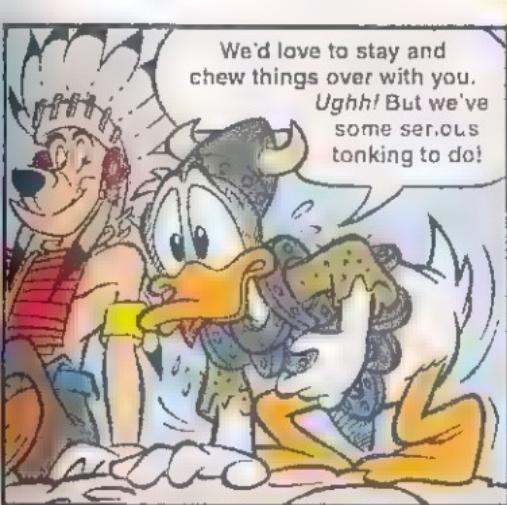
Oboy, everyone come an' sit down — palefaces too!

Grooh! What is this thing?

Dried chunder snake!

Ulp! I don't feel so good!





Just one of 'em would be too many
for us!



I still feel sick —
that chunder-snake was
nearly as vile as our
rotten fish!

...Which gives
me a really
sick idea!

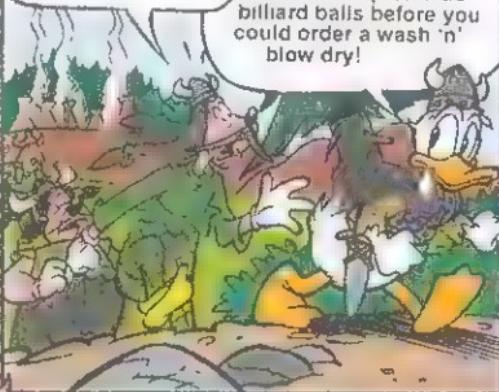


Yup, wind's in th' right direction!
Back to th' ship, quickly!

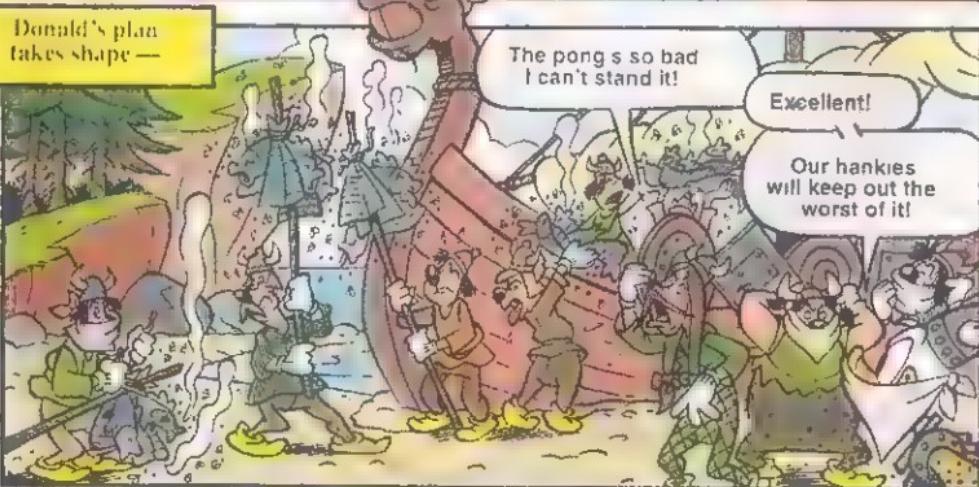


We cutting an'
running chief?

You kiddin'?
We'd end up bald as
billiard balls before you
could order a wash 'n'
blow dry!

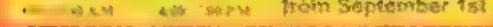


Donald's plan
takes shape —



SCHOOL TIME TABLE

1000 2000 3000 4000 5000 6000 7000 8000



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Sunday at 10.00 am



Weekdays at 6.00 pm
Saturday at 6.00 pm
Sunday at 6.00 pm



Disney toons chale kidhar?



And the results are
spectacular

Ughhh!

Yuch!
What's
that terrible
stench?

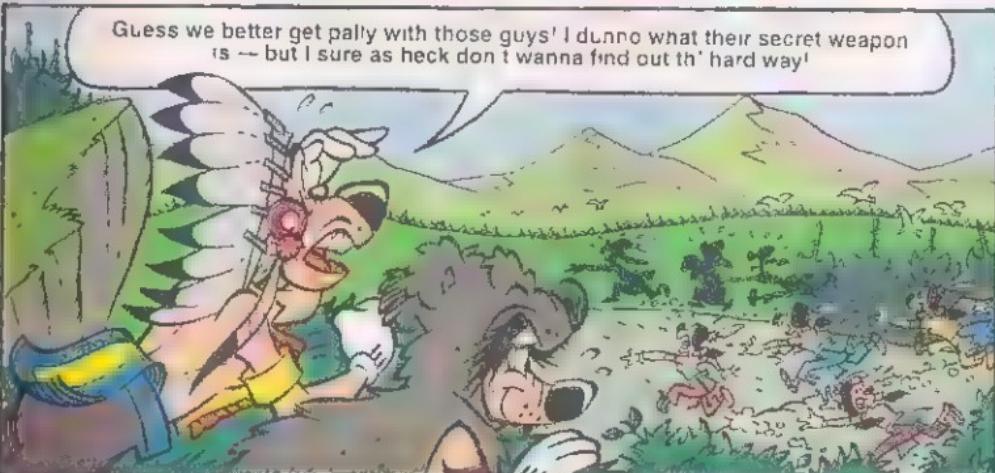
Aiee! The dead fish have
risen against us!



Every brave for himself!



Guess we better get pally with those guys' I dunno what their secret weapon
is -- but I sure as heck don't wanna find out th' hard way!



We better give the palefaces the VIP treatment!

...traditional Bigtonka
butta' roast!"

We'll lay on a...

What fiendish device did you use against the Shoeshines?

Trade secret

An' what about your fire and smoke weapon?

Our what? Oh, that'

The Shoeshines were such feeble opponents we didn't need to use it!

Say, this clambake is th' best thing to happen to us since we put to sea — 'specially after a diet of turnips and over-ripe fish!

It should be special, for it celebrates the alliance between the Bigtonka and the Vikings...

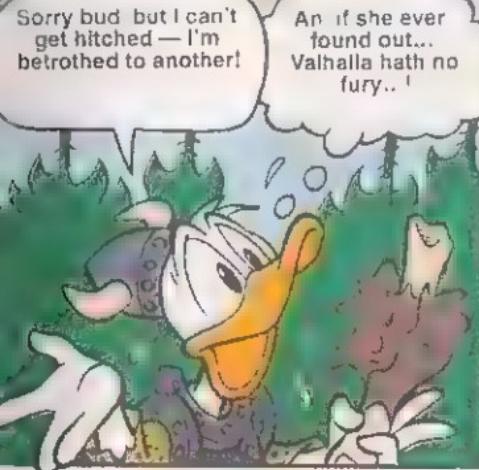


...And to cement that alliance — the marriage of Donald Ironbeak to my daughter, Nookipontas!



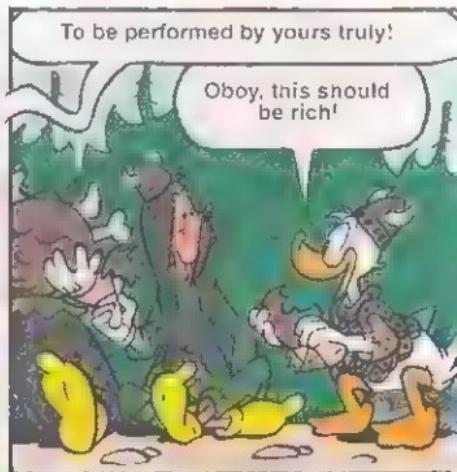
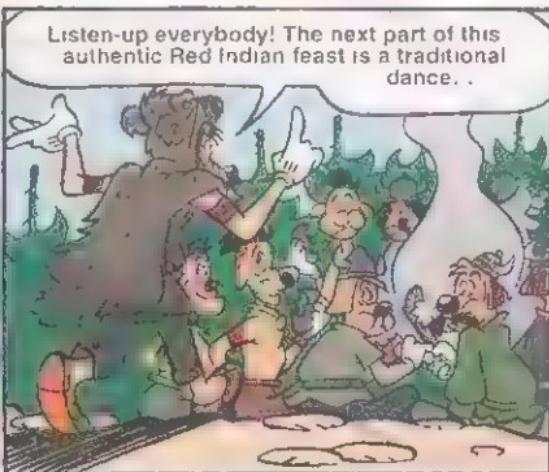
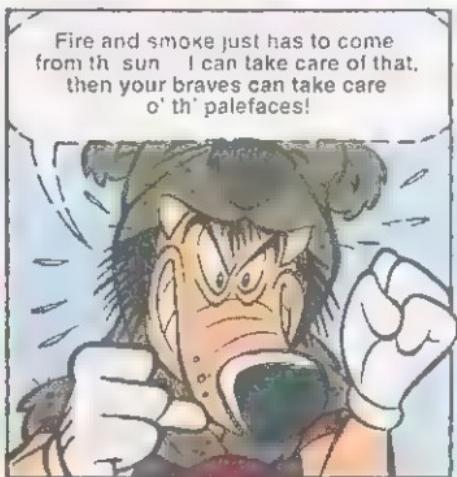
Sorry bud but I can't get hitched — I'm betrothed to another!

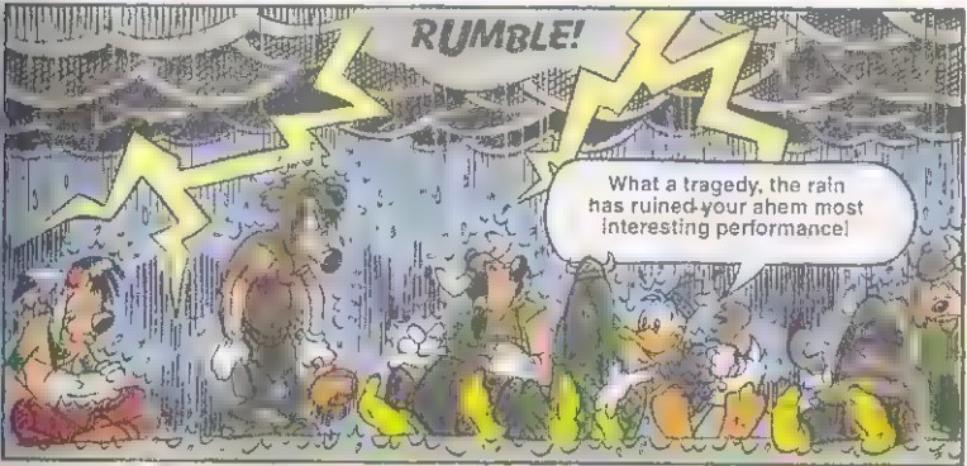
An if she ever found out... Valhalla hath no fury.. !



Wait!







Shortly after

Guess th' party's
over .. Sigh'

Your lives are over — no one turns
down a Bigtonka princess and lives!



Do something chief, please!



RUMBLE, BOOM!



Hey, chief! I demand an ending
fit for a great warrior!



How's about a single combat, just the two
of us, up on that hill
over there?



What'll all your braves say, and th' squaws, that ol' Wannabe's a has-been?
Too chicken to slug it out with a bantamweight duck?



Tell you what — I'll take you on unarmed,
just as long as I kin keep my armour on!



Take care chief, he's a
sly one that pale-beak



And so am I!

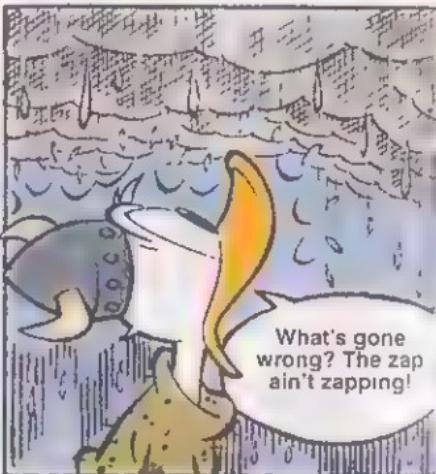
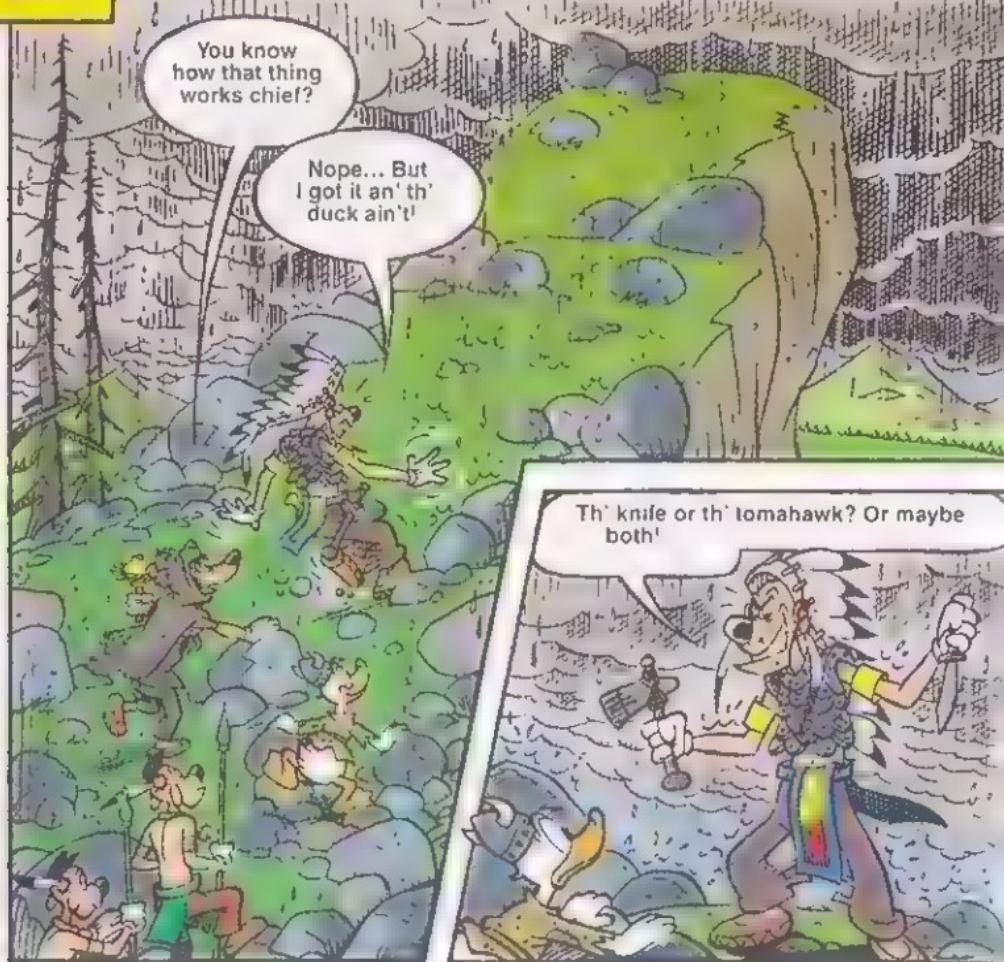
Strip off th
duck's armour
an' g've it
to me!

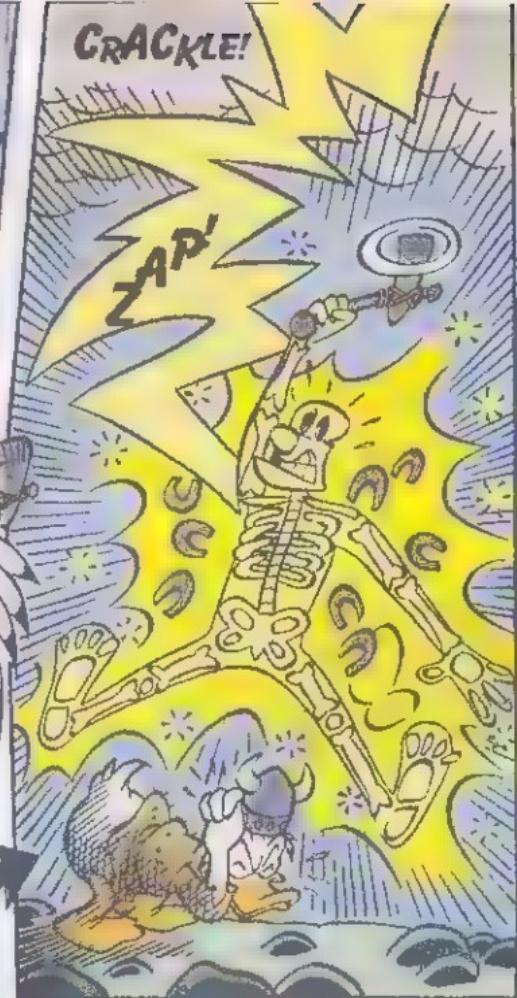
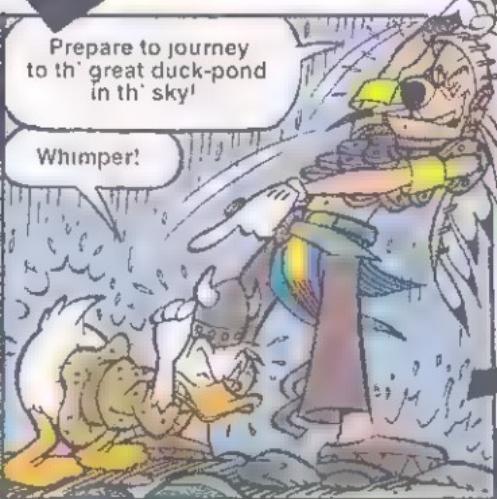


Hock, line and sinker!



Soon —





All hail Donald Ironbeak, mighty conqueror of the Bigtonkas!

Ol' Greatwhoppa's prophecy was true — these palefaces are invincible!



Yeah! We better get used to being th' second meanest warriors in th' world.. .



So how about us being pals again?

Hokay, just so long as I don't hafta eat any more snake!



Shortly after —

Do we get to go home yet chief?

Jus' grab a paddle an' we'll skidaddle!



But what about th' gold? We can't go back empty-handed!

Don't worry! I got it all figured...

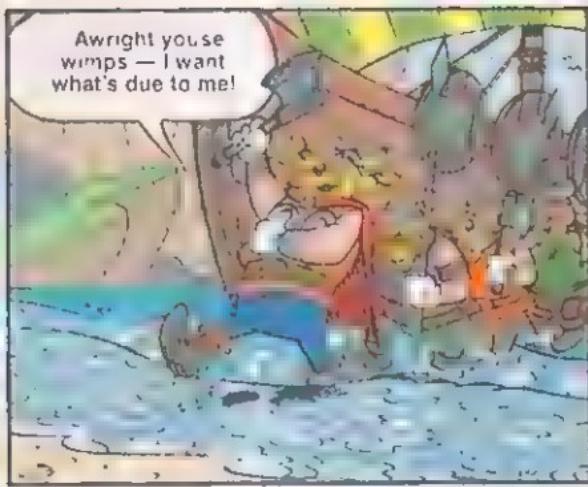
A few more days and we'll be home
Snoozing in our pyjamas.



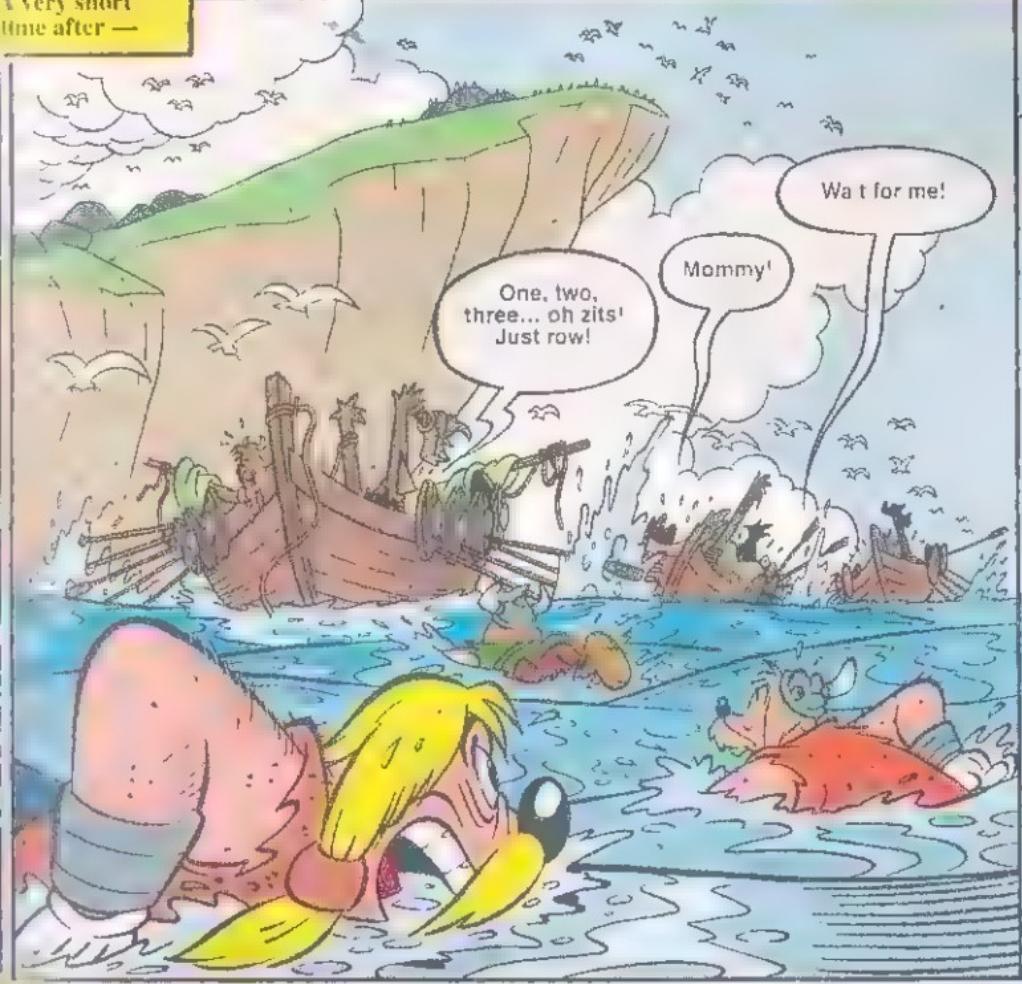
"...a real warm welcome
for ol' Kaud the Sicko!"

Those gutless
panty-waists will
probably die of fright
when they see us!





Very short
time after —



mod's great hall...
but the conquering
of

How did the raiding
and pillaging go today,
dear?

Not so
hot...

Don't you take your helmet off
when you come indoors?



I'd rather not, fluffkins!



Off with it — or else!



Oh, very
well...

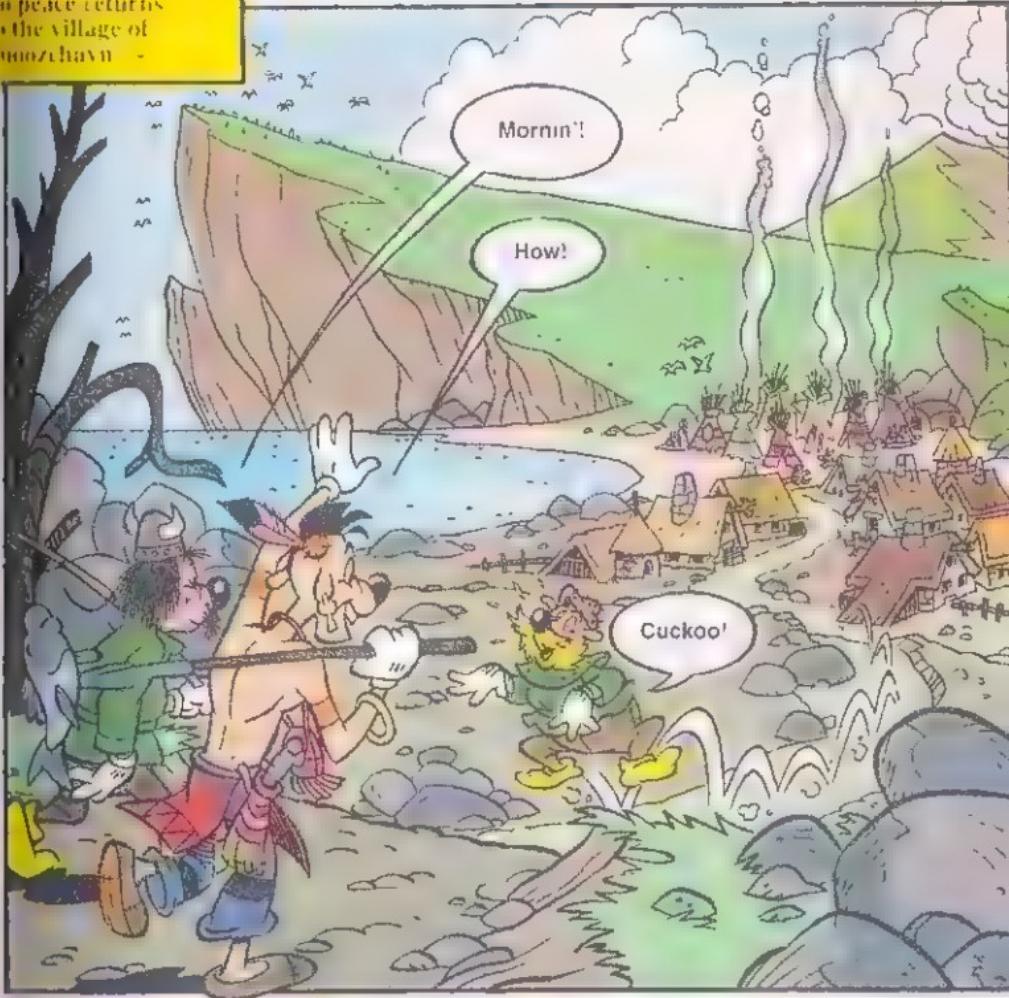


What happened to you?

I had a hair-raising
experience!



peace returns
to the village of
moonzchawn



And what of Donald and
the, uh, fair Daishilda? Well,
this is one saga with a
happy ending —



1200 years later —



You know what this means, Professor Firefly!



Indeed, Professor Hackenbush, it completely torpedoes all archaeological theory of the past 200 years!



We must never breathe a word of this to anybody!



MICKEY'S MAZE

Minnie is angry as Mickey's late for their date. Help Mickey to reach her by showing him the right way.



Solution on page 96.

Dear Mickey...



Siddharth Gopujkar,
Pune

Vijaya Nayak,
Mumbai



Aditya Tomar,
New Delhi

Dear Mickey,

This is my first letter to you. I love Disney comics, books and digests. I don't miss even a single issue. I am a student of class Three. My favourite stars are Mickey, Minnie, Donald, Pluto and Goofy.

Nilesh Negi, Mumbai

Send in your letters and drawings to:

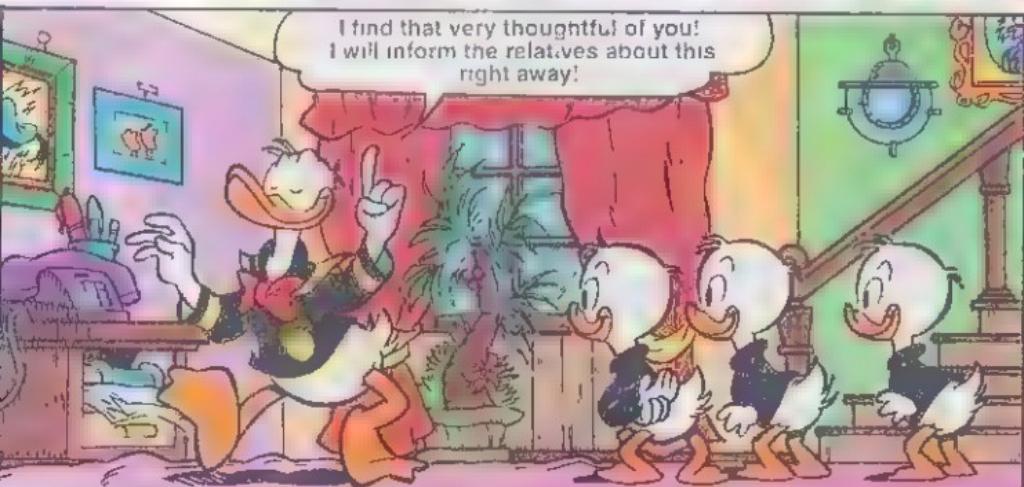
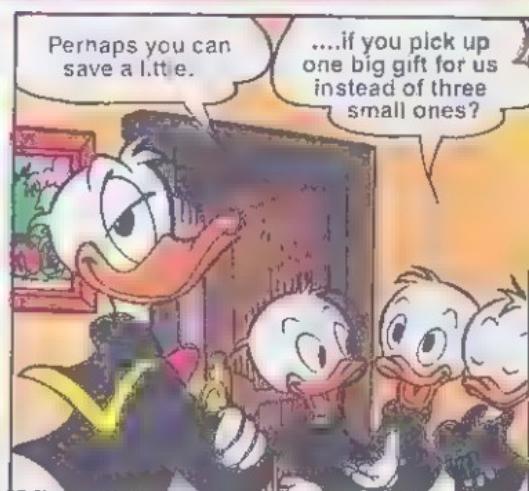
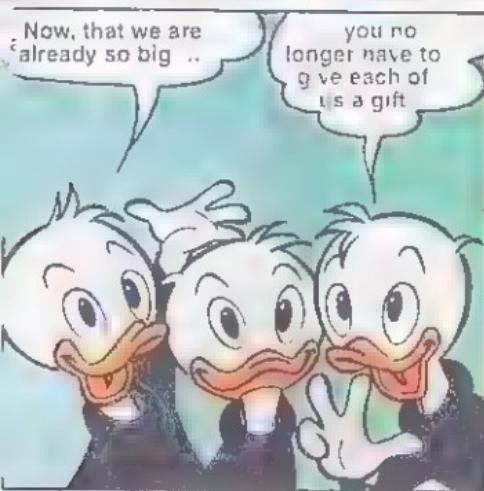
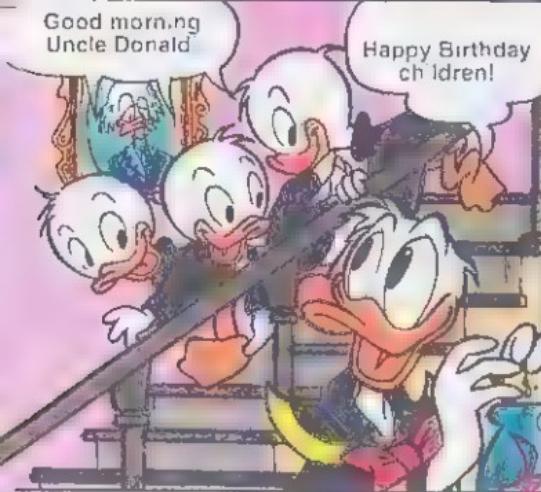
Dear Mickey, Indian Express Egmont Publications Ltd.,
Diamond Palace, 1st Floor, Hill Road,
Bandra (W), Mumbai - 400050.

©Disney's

A GIFT FOR THREE

Today is a very
special day for the
three nephews...





Many phone calls later....

Pooh! Now I only have to call Cousin Fethry!



Hello? The line is a little bad! Who is it?

BANG!
BANG!



Stop making such a noise! I do not understand you!

Donald? What? You want to make me poorer?

BANG!
BANG!



Must you drill while on the telephone? I can't hear

Your ears? I am sorry. I have a lot to do here and then I have to buy gifts for the children!





For you, children
it was not easy to
get hold of three
locomotives!

Smashing'

THE
END

PLUTO



THE PERFECT FIT

Place the picture pieces in the correct squares to complete the picture.

1



2



3



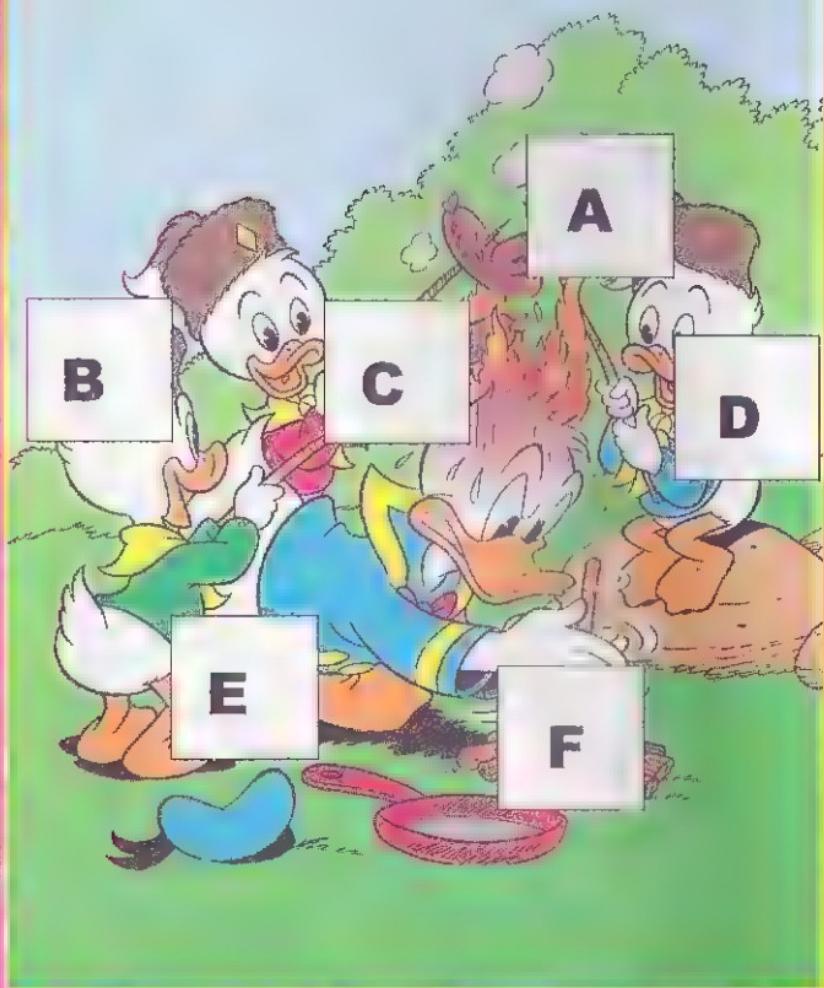
4



5



6

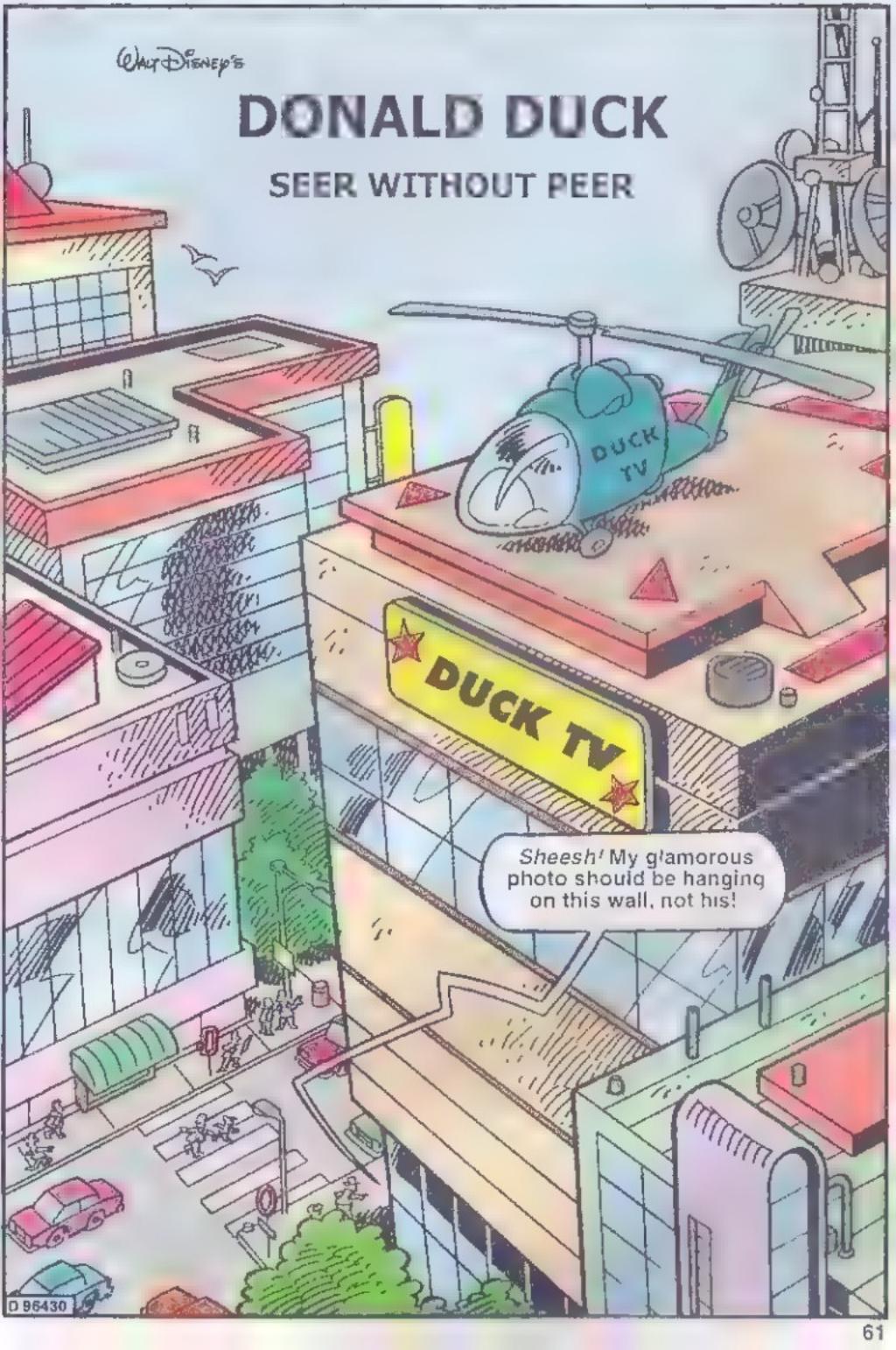


Solution on page 96

Walt Disney's

DONALD DUCK

SEER WITHOUT PEER



Sheesh! My glamorous
photo should be hanging
on this wall, not his!

And I should have my own talk show! Not him, that pompous ... argh!

If anybody deserves to be famous, it's me!

THE GANDER GABFEST!
NUMBER ONE TALK SHOW IN
TOWN!

Not Gladstone, and certainly not those weirdoes!

Mas-s-ter, I'm hungry for a s-s-snack! S-s-say, a nice, juicy wh te mous-s-s-se! Hold the pickles-s-s, not the mus-s-stard!

TV STUDIO &
DRESSING
ROOMS

Zip it, Hissly! We must mind
your waistline! We gotta look
audience-pleasing!

All I need is a break
to allow my talent to
shine through!



Here, have a carrot instead!

Ulp!



I'm the hottest audience pleaser
there is, you know. Mr Gander never
had an abductee on his show before!



And I got da snapshots to show it! Da aliens,
dey was gonna make me a slave but den da
captain, poor dear, fell madly in love with me!

Sigh! Oh he had
da loveliest eyes... all
five of dem!



No! I'm gonna be the one to really dazzle Mr. Gander with this, I'll just hit him with my big finale...



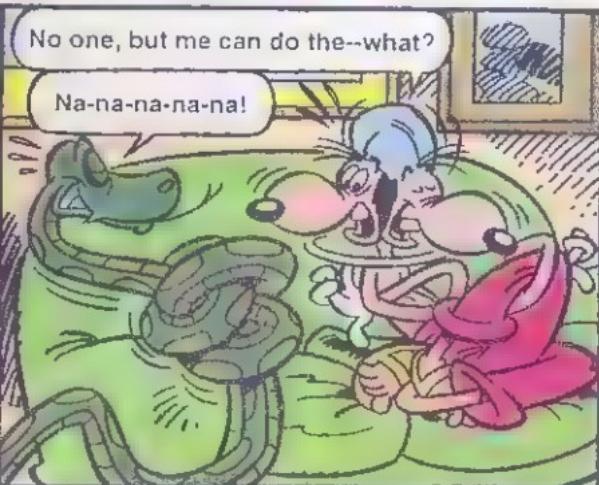
...the double-knotted dipsy doodle!

Big deal!



No one, but me can do the--what?

Na-na-na-na-na!



But you're snake! All snakes can do that! Big deal!

Hissss! A s-s-s-ore lossssser, aint you?



Boy, when I get my own show, I won't let nutcases like these in the—

Oh no, not another one!



Sorry, Bub, we've got enough fruitcakes
in the bakery! Come back tomorrow!



Twit, it's me! Gladstone!



You may be looking
for another job!

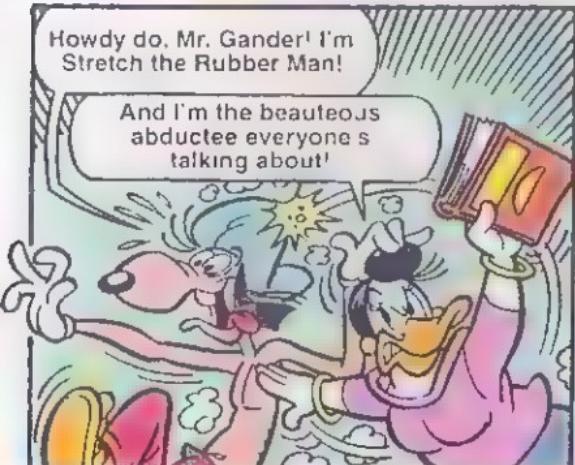
Er. Gladstone?!

Shriek! Oh, dere's Gladstone
Gander an' he's even more
hand-some off camera'

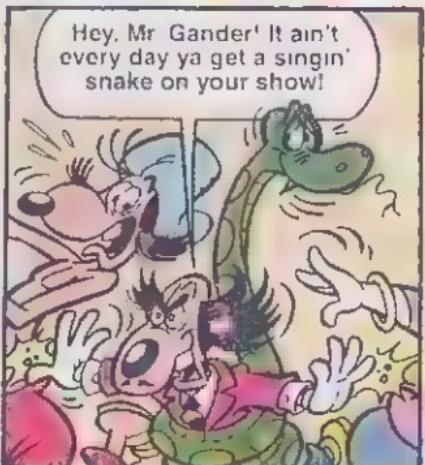


Howdy do, Mr. Gander! I'm
Stretch the Rubber Man!

And I'm the beauteous
abductee everyone's
talking about!



Hey, Mr. Gander! It ain't
every day ya get a singin'
snake on your show!



S-s-sir, you provide the white
mous-s-se — I s-s-s-sing!

Ack!

Here, folks, talk to my talent booker!

Look! Five eyes! 10 hands!
And five miles of lip! Ain't he
something else?

Ain't this just the
comfiest feel-good
snake you ever felt?

Ta-da!

Get back! I tell you, I'm just a
janitor, not a talent booker!

Yeah, and I'm a s-s-
snake, s-s-see! One who
hates rejections too, see?

If you don't get me a juicy white
mous-s-se, I'll s-s-start s-s-sheddin'
like there's no tomorrow!

I tell you, I'm just
the janitor!

When you see my closeups
of alien muscle tone, you'll
change your tune!

Look! I do knots even a sailor can't make.

Don't make
threats! Sing a
song instead!
Impress him!

"S-s-swanee, how I love ya, how I
love ya, my dear old S-s-swanee!"

Call the guard! Better
yet, call a mongoose!

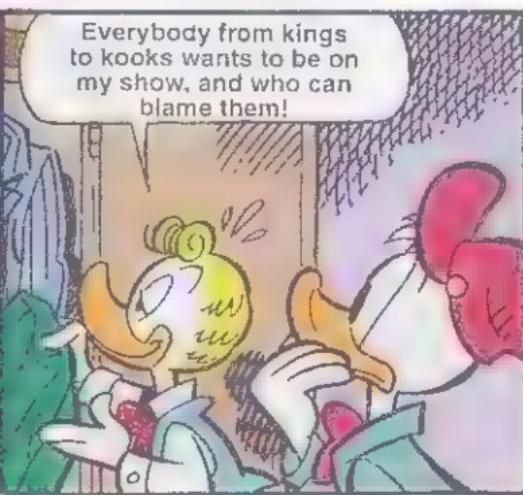
Yeow!

See what a star has to put up with!

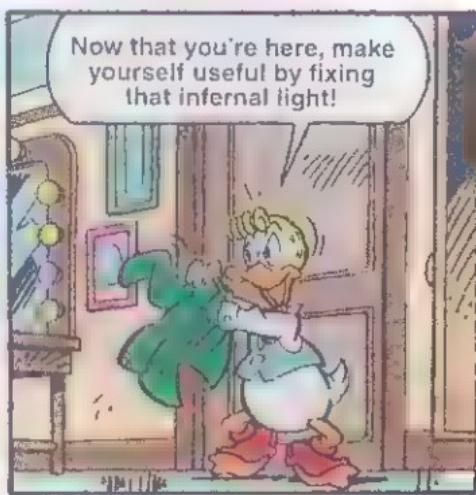
I wouldn't mind trading places!



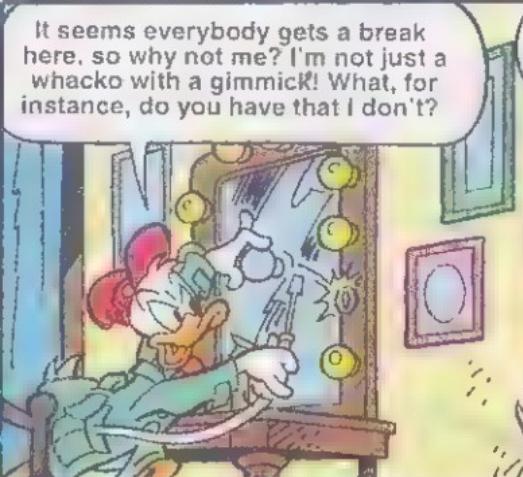
Everybody from kings
to kooks wants to be on
my show, and who can
blame them!



Now that you're here, make
yourself useful by fixing
that infernal light!



It seems everybody gets a break
here, so why not me? I'm not just a
whacko with a gimmick! What, for
instance, do you have that I don't?

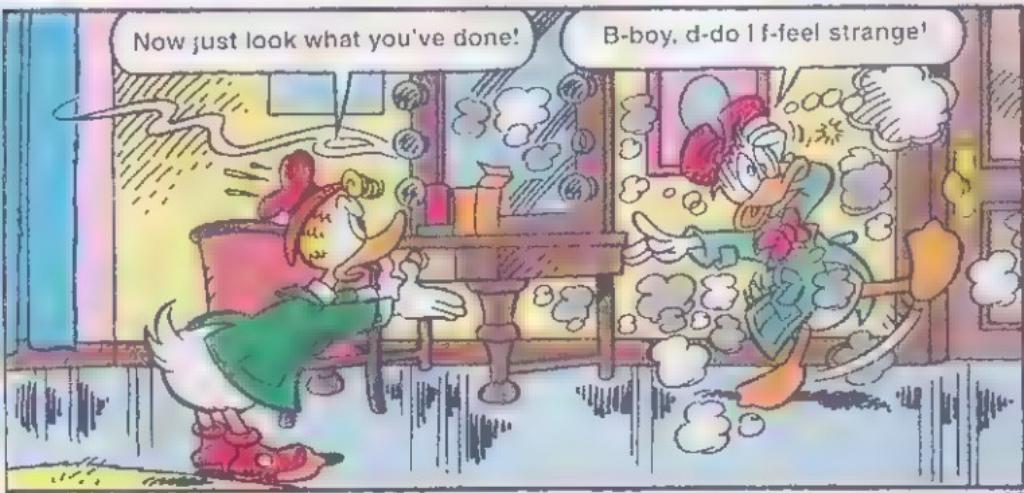


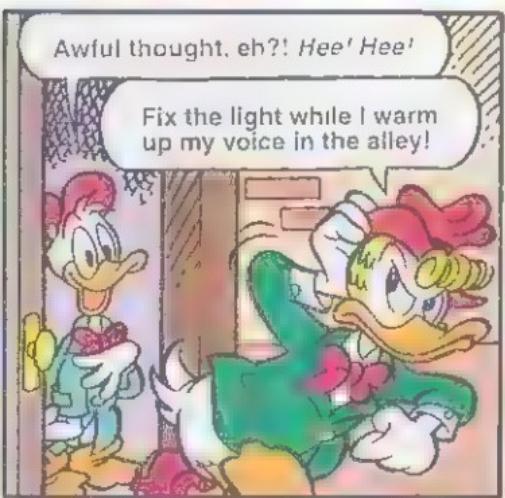
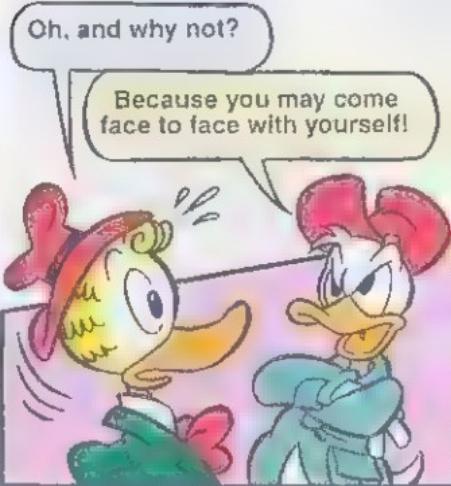
Tut! Tut! Dear boy! Good
looks and talent! For starters!



Well, I'm pretty good-looking! And I've got talent, loads of it! It's just hidden!

Yeah, like a needle hidden in a haystack! Hee! Hee!





Lovely day to win a lottery, old bean!

T-this c-can't be'

Donald. If this is some sort of sick practical joke, I'm not laughing!

Right! Two of you! Now that's a really sick joke!



Tut! I'm having an off day! So far I've only won two sweepstakes!

Who are you?

I'll handle this!

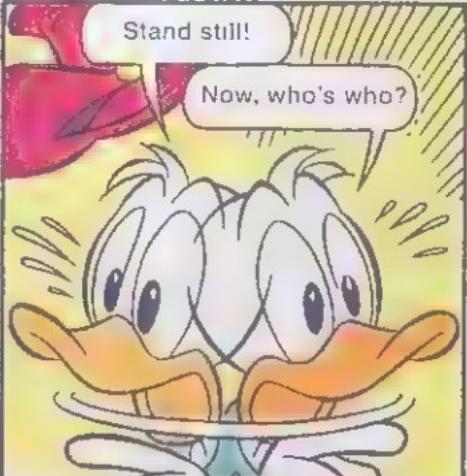
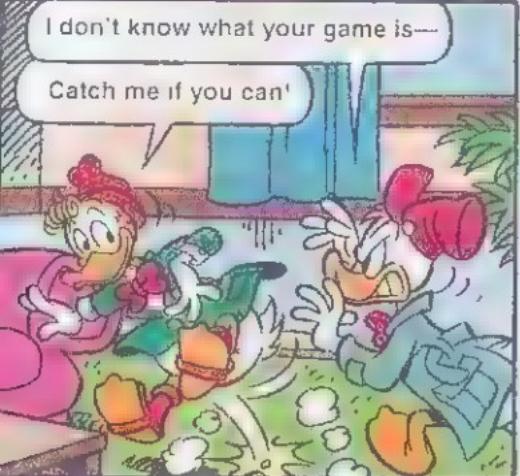


I don't know what your game is—

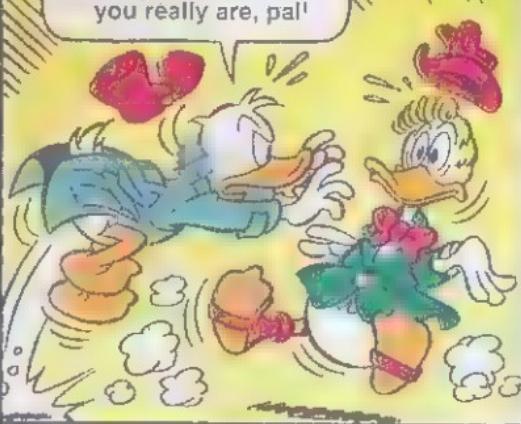
Catch me if you can!

Stand still!

Now, who's who?



Okay, let's see who you really are, pal!



Let's get that cheap mask out!

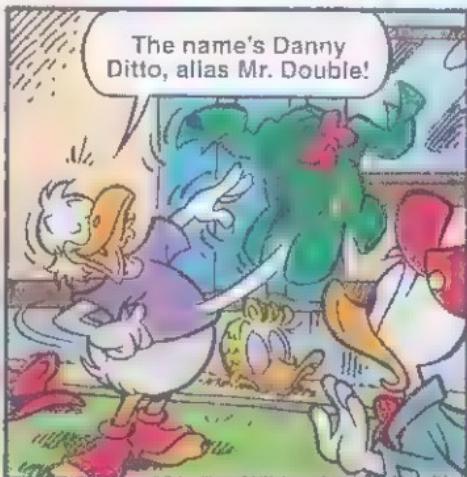


Looking for me?

Wha—?



The name's Danny Ditto, alias Mr. Double!



Listen up, fans! My act is impersonations! I can do anybody, see! So I said to myself, "Self, how can I impress the ever-wonderful Gladstone Gander and get on his show!"

Humph! Not with cheap tricks. I assure you!



I'm sorry about your problem, Mr. Ditto! If I were you I wouldn't be able to stand myself either!



I say odd chap. How did you know that pest was lurking outside?



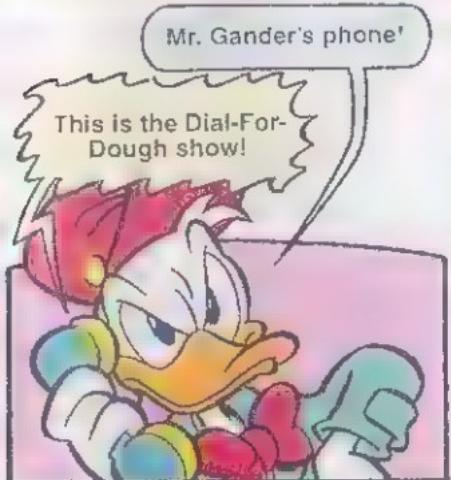
Pick it up! It's somebody who wants to give you money!

Nah! It's probably just another cook trying to talk his way onto my show! You get it!



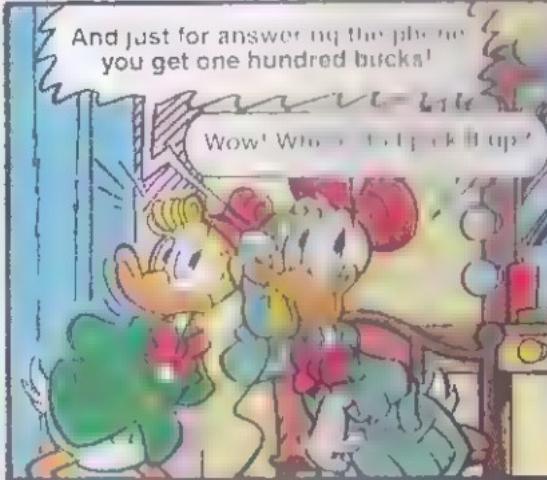
Mr. Gander's phone!

This is the Dial-For-Dough show!



And just for answering the phone
you get one hundred bucks!

Wow! Whoa! Help pick it up!



At the prize office
across from city hall!

I'll be down right
after work!

Good Grief! How did you know that
the caterer wanted to give away money?

A lucky hunch, I guess!

But I do know for
sure, there's a...

"...hundred
smackers
waiting for me
downtown!"

Nice of you to ask us along to pick
up your windfall, Uncle Donald!

Let's celebrate with
a big pizza!

Actually we'll soon be five!

PRIZE
OFFICE

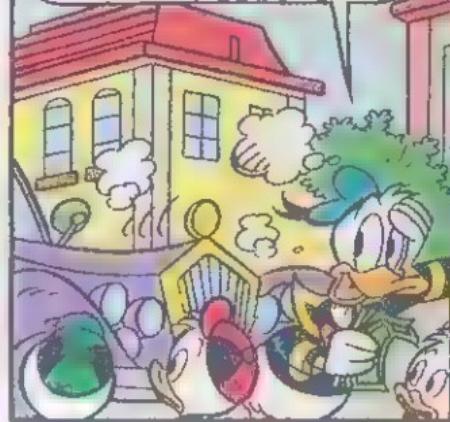
PIZZA CITY

Five?

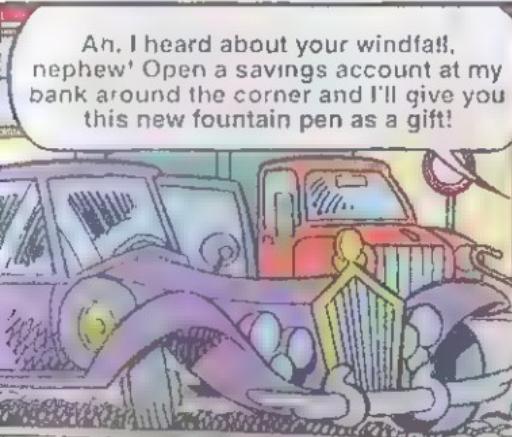
Yeah, Uncle Scrooge will
be along any moment!



Gee! How did I know that?



An, I heard about your windfall,
nephew! Open a savings account at my
bank around the corner and I'll give you
this new fountain pen as a gift!



Oh, you mean the one that's
about to spring a leak!



Nonsense! Why these
pens are the finest—

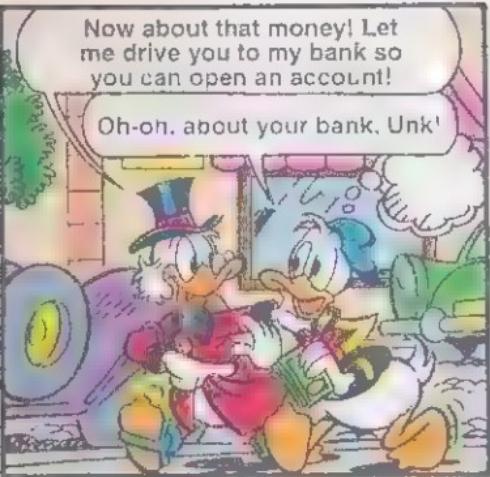


Curse me kilts! That's the
second one to do that today!

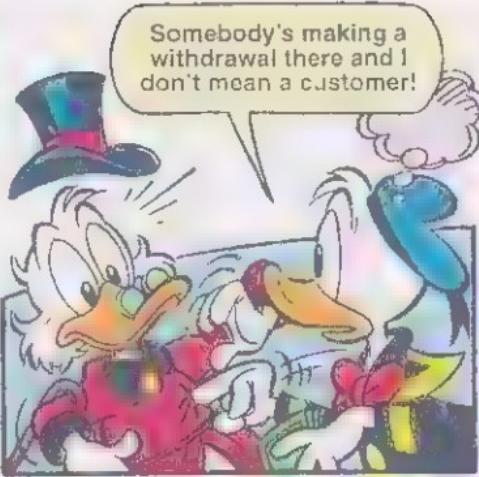


Now about that money! Let me drive you to my bank so you can open an account!

Oh-on, about your bank, Unk!

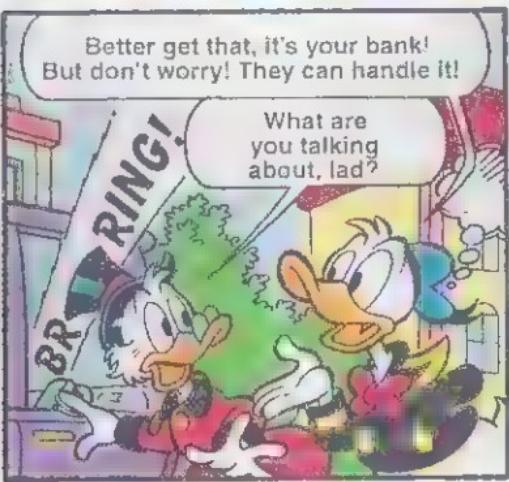


Somebody's making a withdrawal there and I don't mean a customer!



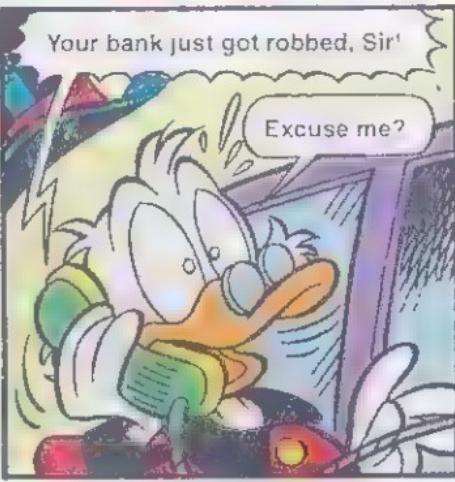
Better get that, it's your bank!
But don't worry! They can handle it!

What are
you talking
about, lad?



Your bank just got robbed, Sir!

Excuse me?



But the police caught the perp as he stepped out the door so no money was lost!

Burst me bagpipes! How did you do that, Donald?

Is it a trick?

Or dumb luck?



No, I do believe I've developed psychic powers



I knew all along that I did have a special gift that would show itself in time!



Gosh, our uncle an oracle! Cool!

Do you foresee any whopper deals for me, nephew?

Or maybe a generous advance boost for us?



What I see is me turning in my resignation.



"...and going into the psychic-oracle biz!"

Oracle Duck is available by appointment only!

I'll give ya ten bucks for comin' to the Duckburg Downs with me, duck!



And Oracle Duck could do no wrong.

Amazing! Oracle Duck predicted a 500 to 1 shot horse to win the sweepstakes!

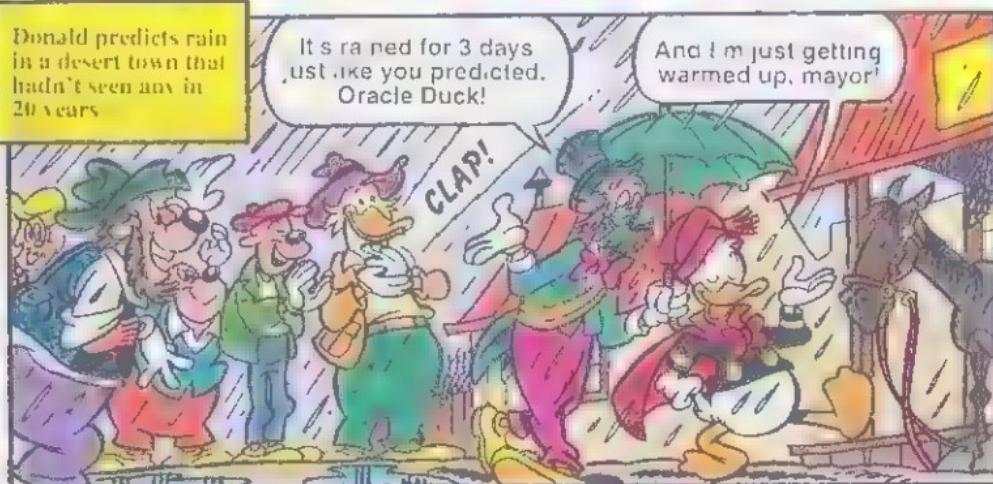
And predicted the winners in all ten races!



Donald predicts rain in a desert town that hadn't seen any in 20 years

It's rained for 3 days just like you predicted.
Oracle Duck!

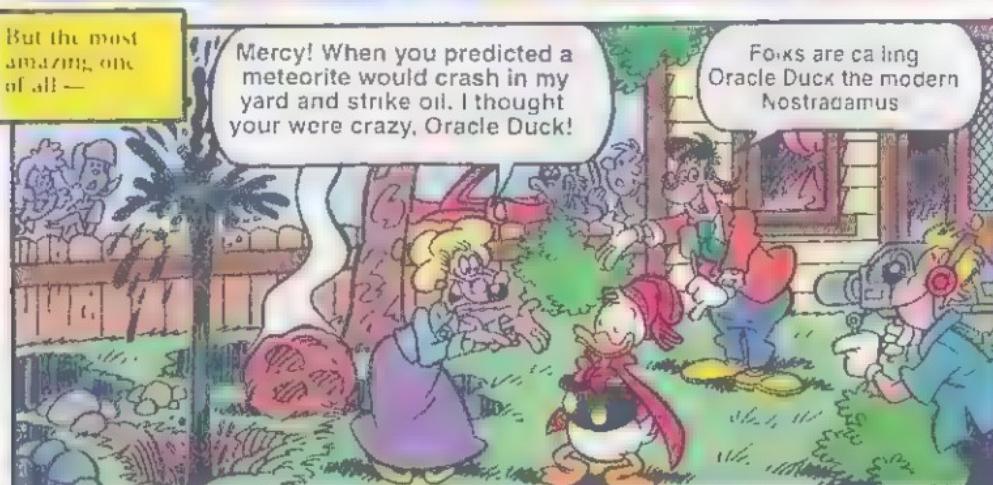
And I'm just getting warmed up, mayor!



But the most amazing one of all —

Mercy! When you predicted a meteorite would crash in my yard and strike oil, I thought you were crazy, Oracle Duck!

Folks are calling Oracle Duck the modern Nostradamus



But Donald finds there's a price to pay for fame —

Oh seer, will I find love?

Am I fated to win the lottery, oh great oracle?

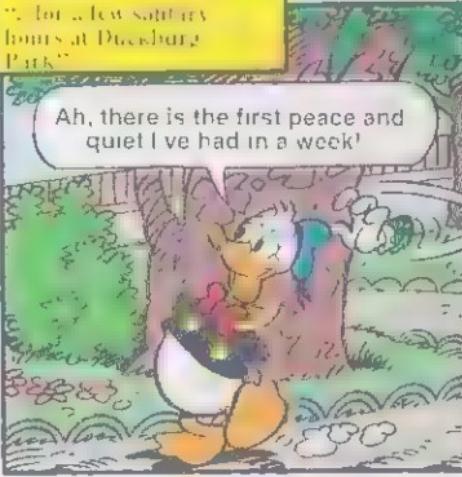
You're fated to get a fat lip if you don't back off, Bub!



Decoy them long enough for me to get away...

"...for a few solitary hours at Duckburg Park."

Ah, there is the first peace and quiet I've had in a week!



Lucky me that I found you alone!

Hey!



I want you on my show! Finally, you get to enjoy your 15 minutes of fame!

Help your ratings go through the roof, y'mean! No way!



Besides, a vision told me I'll soon have my own show that will be more popular than yours!

You're making a big mistake!



Ah, there he is!



Wak!

YANK!

CHUG-A-
CHUG CHUG!

Your dull, destitute days are over, duck! I have a mega bucks deal for you!

The phone is invented, you know!



Just sign this exclusive personal services contract and you'll be one fat cat, sonny!

So you can make me issue predictions 24 hours a day, seven days a week?!

No thanks!

Now if you'll excuse me...

Who needs one when I've got vision on my side!

Wak! But you don't have a parachute on!

Gasp! Oh, to have a visionary like him on staff!

Quick, put this eggbeater down 'cause...

"...I have a good mind to expose that phony seer!"

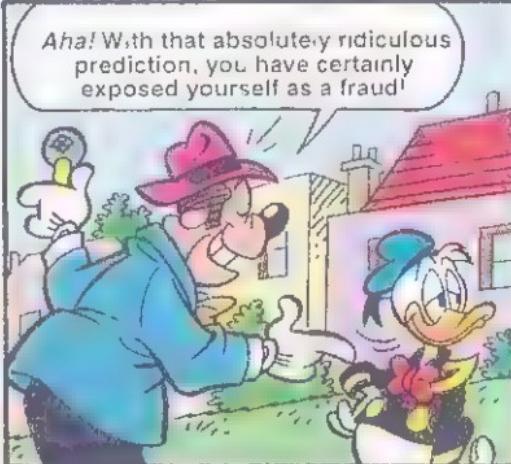
Look, if you really are a seer, give my viewers a prediction on the spot, Mr. Duck?

It just so happens I feel one coming on now!



I predict that Scrooge McDuck will toss money about the streets of Duckburg like confetti!

Aha! With that absolutely ridiculous prediction, you have certainly exposed yourself as a fraud!

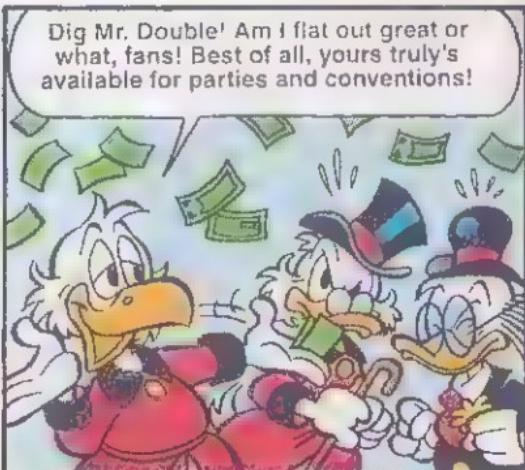
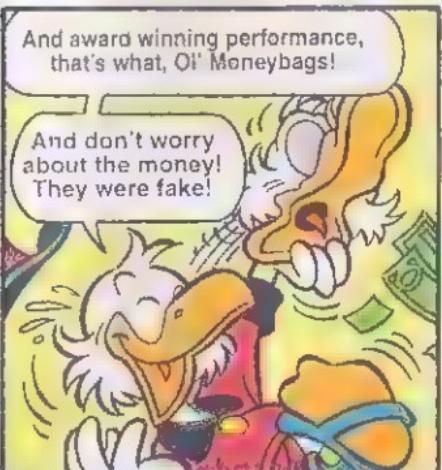
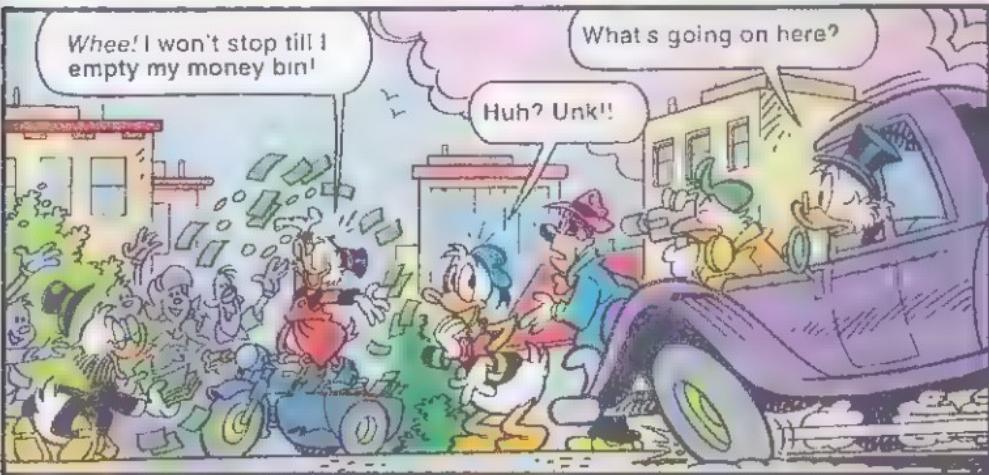
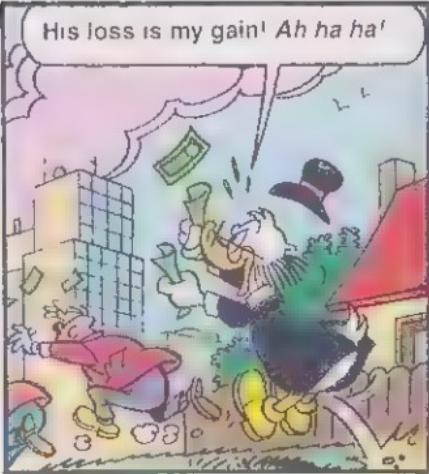


Oh yeah, news-monger. Look'

N-no-o! I-it c-can't be!

Burst me bagpipes! Giving is living. I should have done this years ago, lads and lassies!





So even though he wasn't Scrooge McDuck, my prediction was still accurate!

You still haven't convinced me, duck!

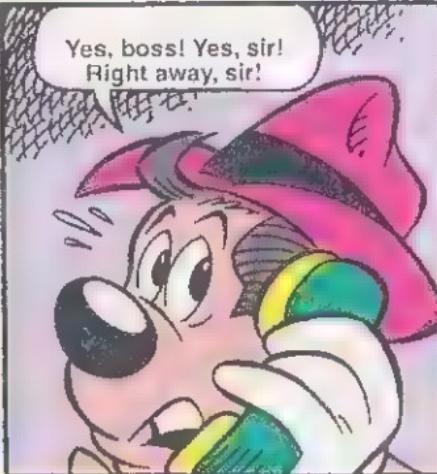
BRING!



You better get that phone!
It's your boss!

Huh???

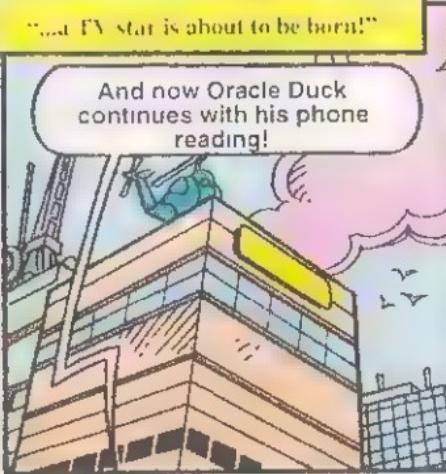
Yes, boss! Yes, sir!
Right away, sir!



Your boss wants to talk to
me about a contract, so let's
not keep him waiting as...

"...and TV star is about to be born!"

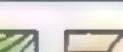
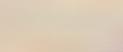
And now Oracle Duck
continues with his phone
reading!



Caller Gertrude has a question about marriage, Oracle Duck!

Yes, oh great seer! Tell me if there's a hubby-to-be in my near future!

Yes, Gertrude, and he is very near! In fact, you'll meet him within a few minutes!



Oh giggle! There's some body at the door!

DING DONG!



Gertie! It's me, Howard! I've been looking for you ever since our prom night 20 years ago!



Gertie, marry me!

Yes! And let's seal it with a smooch, Hotlips Howie!

Oh thank you, Oracle Duck!

SMOOCH!

SMACK!

Oh, Oracle Duck is the
seer without peer!

Do you see marr'age in my
future, oh great seer?

You're better than
my— er, a w.zard's
crystal ball!

Looks like my star's in the
ascendancy and yours isn't'

Hrumph!

I'm sure your so-called
skills are temporary!

Stick around, old chap,
because I'm about to raise
even more eyebrows!

C'mon, ladies, take your seats!

I'm no lady, toad,
and I...



...can prove it!

foooooooof!



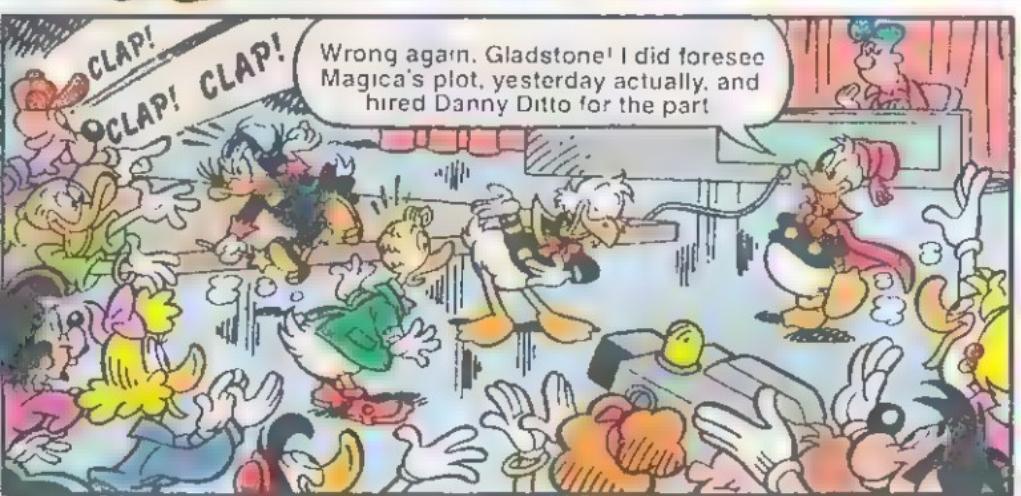
Everybody wants a piece
of you, seer boy! But my
magic will make you all mine!



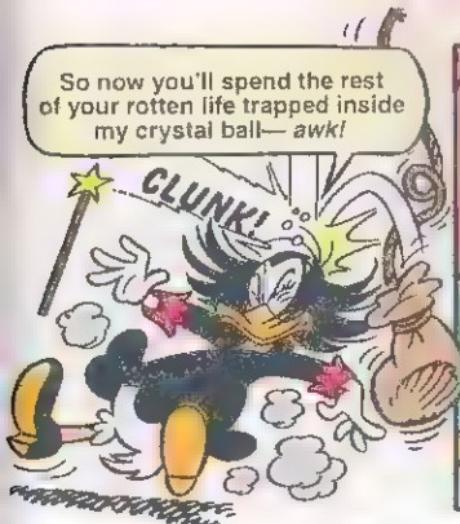
Your foresight will
help me get my hands on
McDuck's Number
One Dime!

Ah ha! Slipping already, oh
great seer! Snicker! You failed
to foresee Magica's plot!





So now you'll spend the rest
of your rotten life trapped inside
my crystal ball—awk!



Oracle Duck is amazing!

Let me touch him

Give me a private reading, great soot!

CLAP! CLAP!



Days later as
Donald's legend
grows, so does
his head —

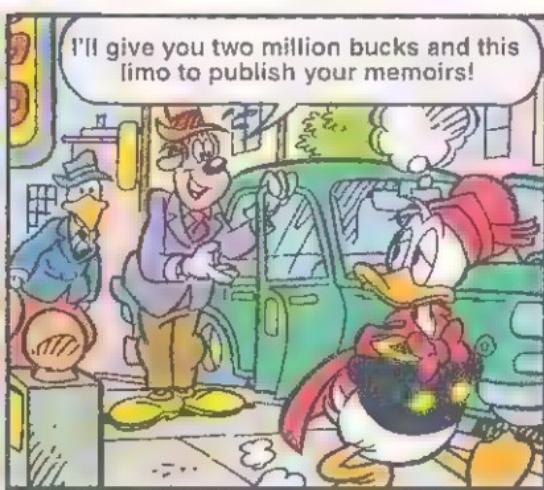
Me, sign a contract for a
mere million bucks! In
your dreams, Bub!

See here, duck, all I ask is that
you write one lousy prediction
column a week for my paper!

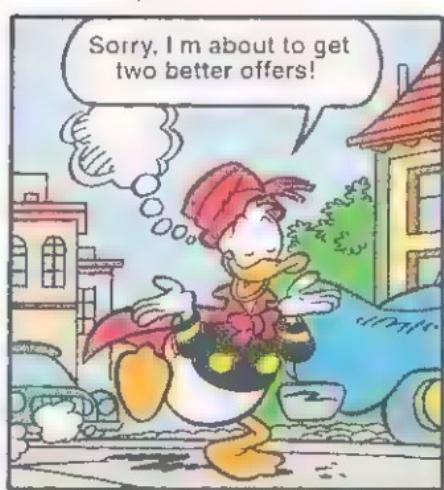
DUCKBURG TATTLER



I'll give you two million bucks and this limo to publish your memoirs!



Sorry, I'm about to get two better offers!



Keep your genius in the family, nephew! Sign here!

Sign with me and you'll need your own money bin!



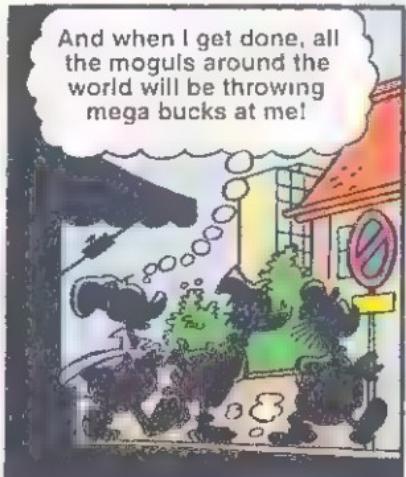
Sorry! But I have a counter offer!
Let's work together soon!

Er, work...

...together?

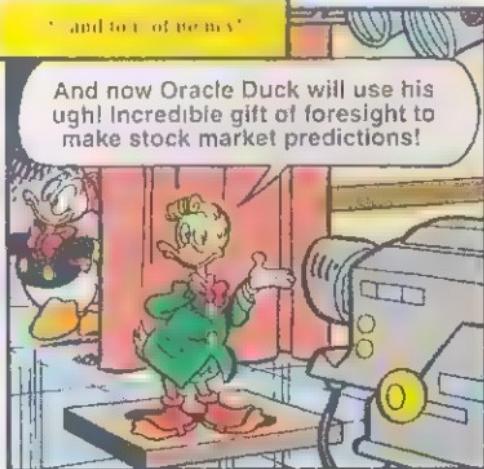
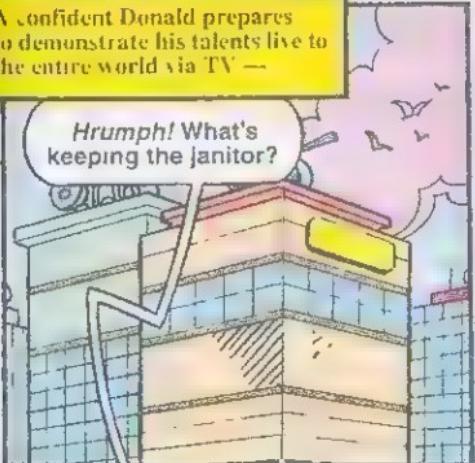


And when I get done, all
the moguls around the
world will be throwing
mega bucks at me!



A confident Donald prepares to demonstrate his talents live to the entire world via TV —

Hrumph! What's keeping the janitor?

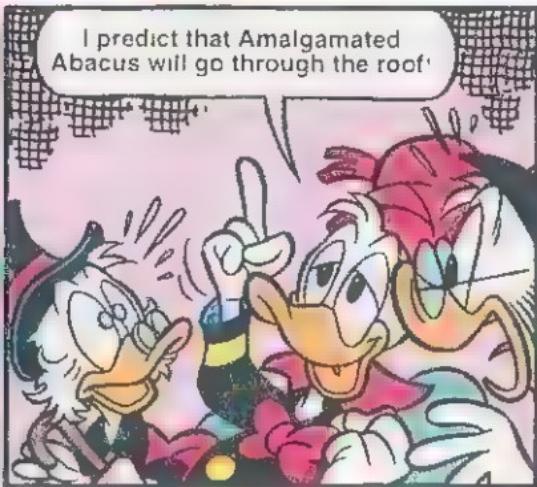


Competing against him will be the finest financiers in Duckburg!

Let's start, shall we gents?

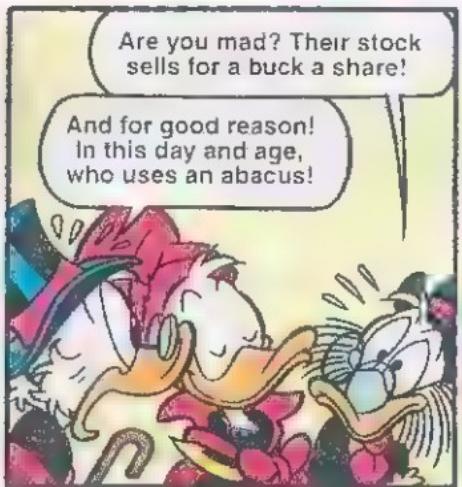


I predict that Amalgamated Abacus will go through the roof!



Are you mad? Their stock sells for a buck a share!

And for good reason!
In this day and age,
who uses an abacus!

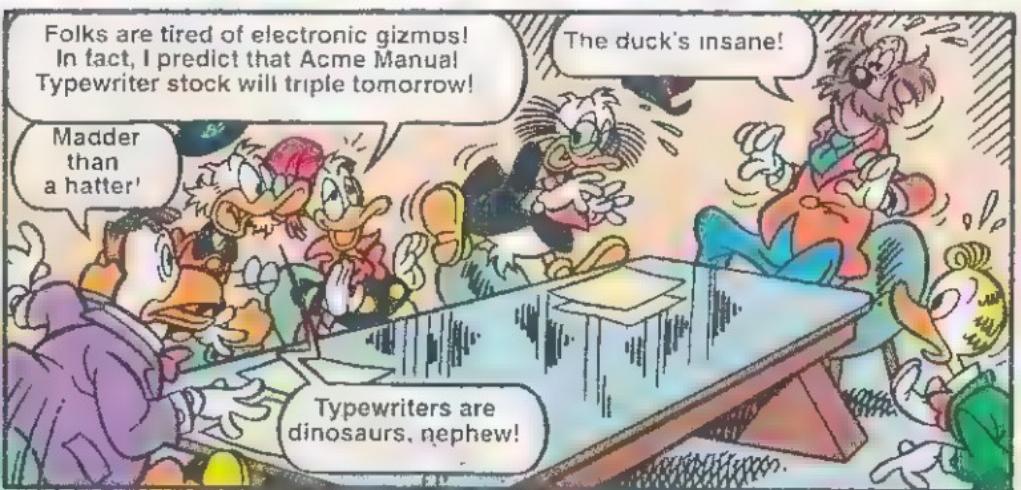


Folks are tired of electronic gizmos!
In fact, I predict that Acme Manual
Typewriter stock will triple tomorrow!

The duck's insane!

Madder
than
a hatter!

Typewriters are
dinosaurs, nephew!



After a few more daring predictions —

Sell all my MicroHard shares and put it in Acme Typewriters!

Buy all the Amalgamated Abacus stock available!

I see a return to high button shoes, so sell stock in companies that make super duper tennis shoes!

I've heard enough!

Lunacy runs in your family, McDuck!

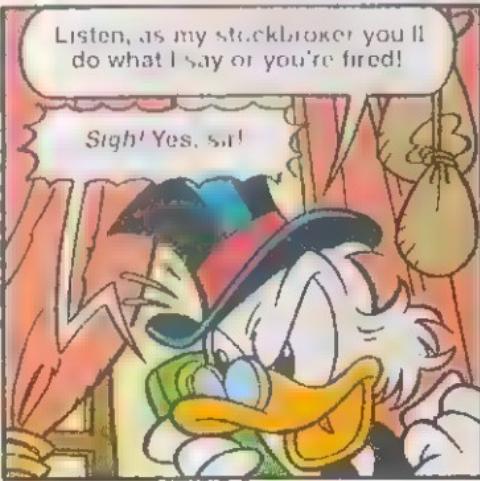


Sir, you can't be serious!

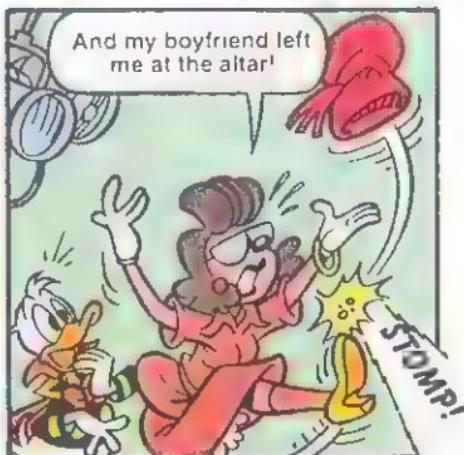
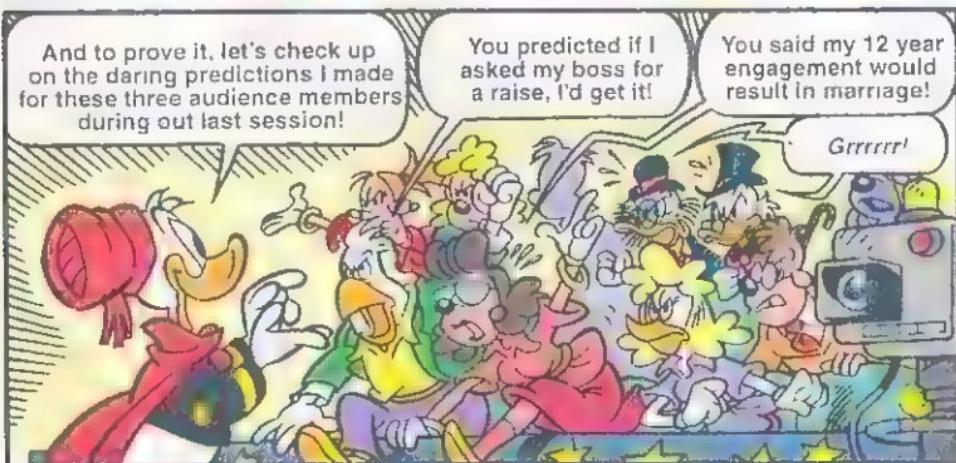
I said buy everything Oracle Duck recommended!

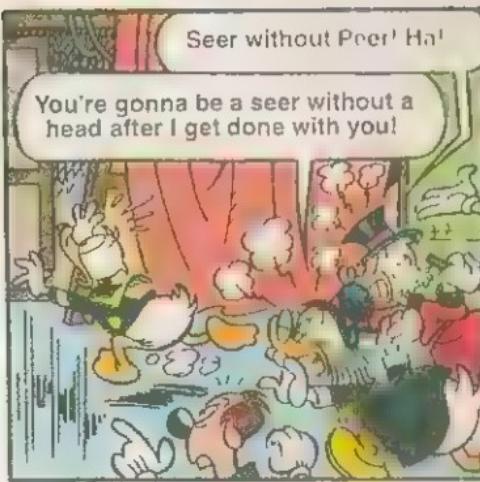
Listen, as my stockbroker you'll do what I say or you're fired!

Sigh! Yes, sir!



But Irv Donald's next show ~

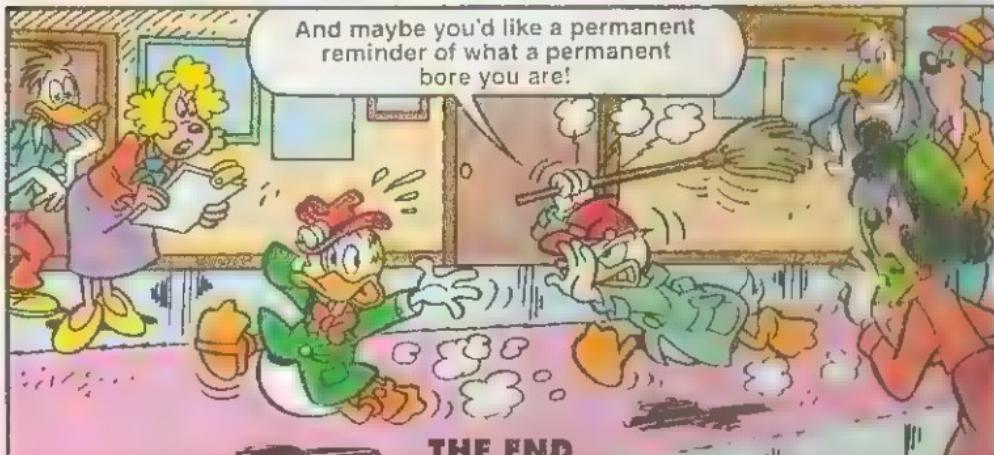




A few days later, Donald's back at his old job.

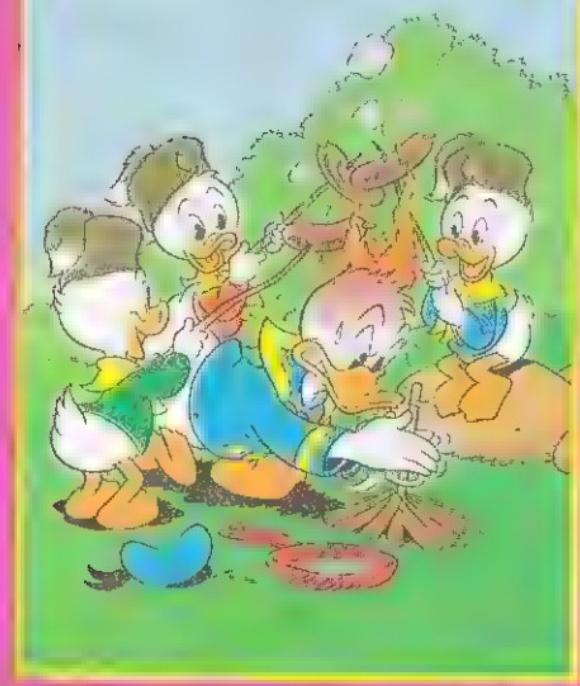


And maybe you'd like a permanent reminder of what a permanent bore you are!

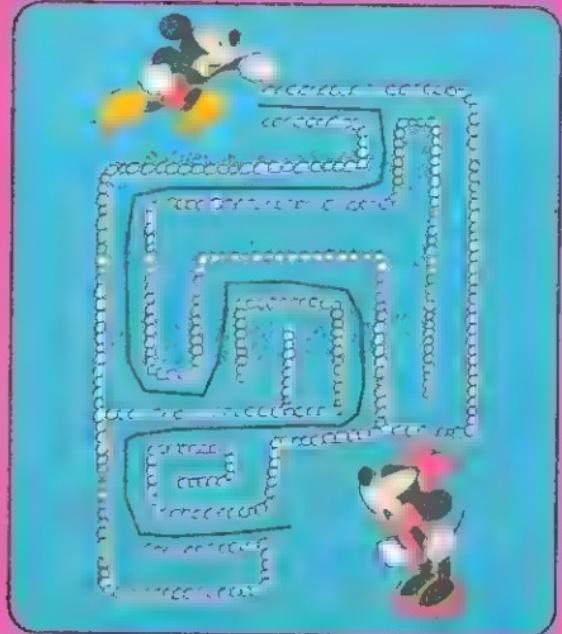


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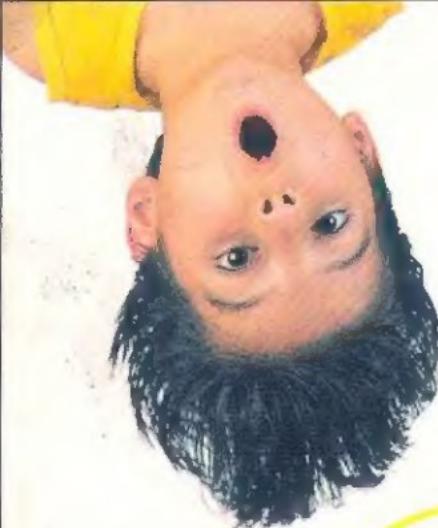
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